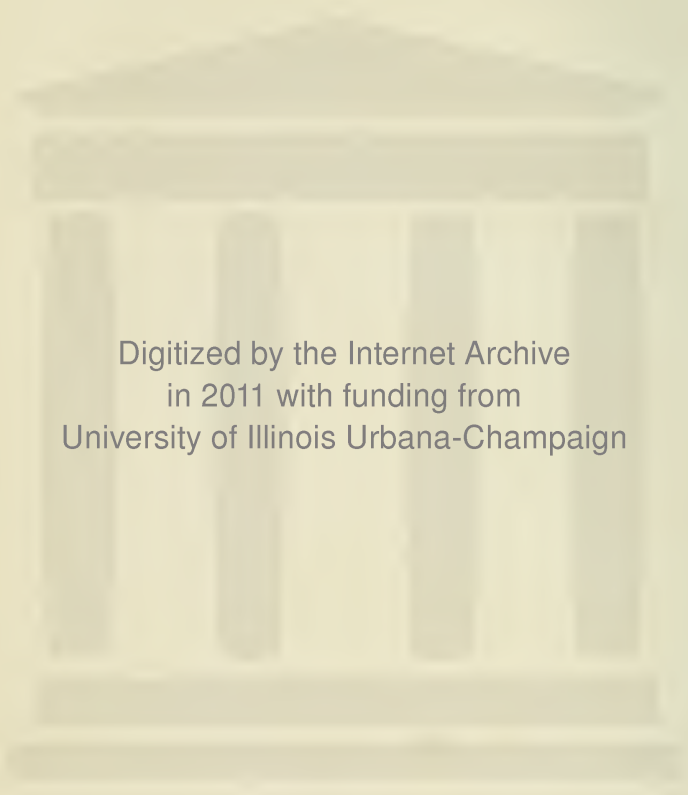


STORY OF A CHURCH

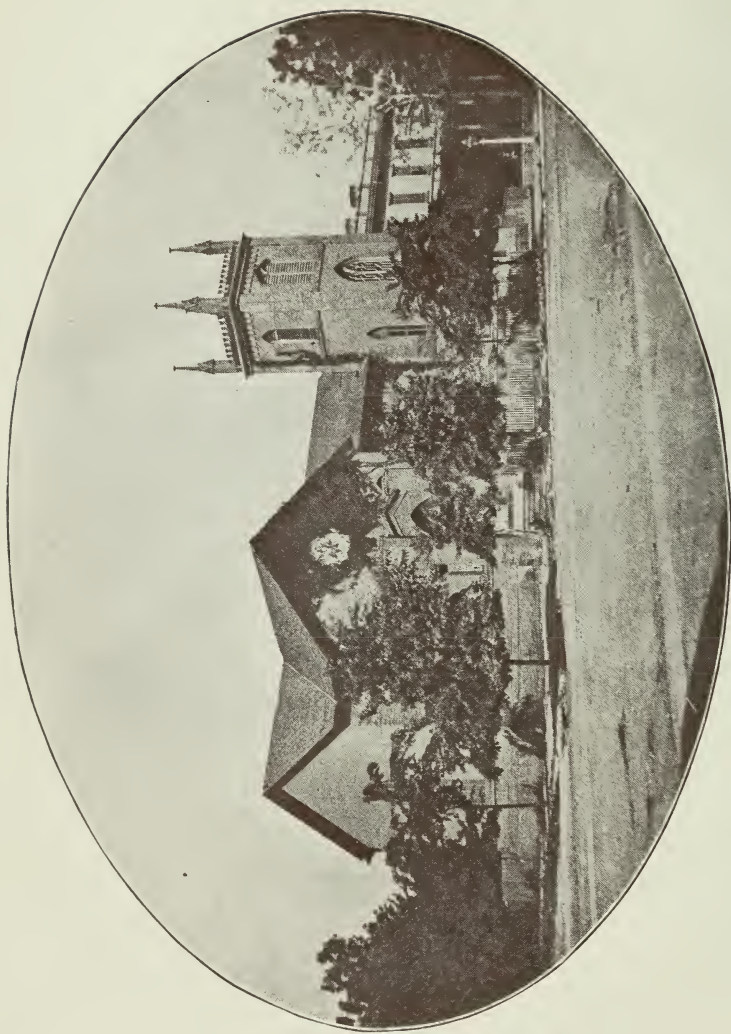
BENJAMIN COWELL

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

STORY OF A CHURCH



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OLD BRICK CHURCH TORN DOWN 1872

Story
of
St. Paul's Parish

Embodying Numerous Reminiscences
of the
Social and Political Life
of the
Town of Peoria Illinois
from 1834 to 1882.

Church Events — 1882-1928
Briefly Sketched in Appendix

By Benjamin Cowell

PRESS OF
MORRISON B. BOURLAND
PEORIA, ILLINOIS
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SURV.

To George Shipman McReynolds

my oldest friend, who was contemporary with me in the Old Brick Church, the memories associated with which are equally dear to us, and to whose sympathetic interest is owing the production of this little volume.

PREFACE.

The first four chapters of this story were written along through the years as opportunity offered and urge prevailed, from about 1906 to 1916. In 1915 and 1916 the earlier portions up to 1859 appeared in a weekly leaflet of St. Paul's Parish under the supervision of the rector, the Rev. H. L. Bowen, ceasing when the leaflet was discontinued. At that time the unpublished part extended to the time of the schism, which divided the Church in 1873.

In the ten years while this was in writing, many changes occurred which made it seem advisable to revise the original manuscript somewhat to fit the time of publication in the leaflet. But now (1928) other changes bring the same kind of discrepancies, another ten years having passed. Therefore, it seems best to follow the original manuscript this time without change. All that is necessary for the reader's right understanding is to remember when persons are referred to as if living, who are now dead, or conditions stated not now existing, or sentiments expressed not now held, that such statements date between 1906 and 1916. Foot notes are also added in many places to help make this clear. Changes occurring between 1928 and time of publication may or may not be noted.

Sources of information for this work are as follows: Old Parish Record from 1848 to 1872; Church Registers; City Directories for 1844 and later; David McCulloch's *History of Peoria*; Memoirs of Bishop Chase; Old Newspaper Files in the Public Library; Personal interviews with many old citizens and Church members, some mentioned in the text, and nearly all now dead.

BENJAMIN COWELL.

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CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

The story of St. Paul's Parish from one point of view is like the story of an ordinary man's life, very human, full of disappointed aspirations, follies and shortcomings, yet dominated by endeavors both earnest and more or less successful. Probably it is from this point of view that progress is most easily measured. Certainly it is this point of view that furnishes material most interesting to the average reader. While the progress of true religion, more vital to the Church, might be better traced from a theological standpoint, it would be a more difficult course to pursue successfully, and one likely to differ essentially with each student of the subject. For this reason I will attempt to present pictures of the past as I find them in records and memories, subject to occasional inferences, and trust that thereby progress in many ways will be disclosed.

The Parish of St. Paul's is that corporation which arose from the wishes of several people to become members of a Church organizations in accord with the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, supplemented by the determination of that famous missionary, Philander Chase, after he became bishop and after the seed had been sown in Peoria by a previous organization known as St. Jude's Church. Therefore, to begin with the beginning, something must be told of that previous organization.

The worship of God in Peoria, first Indian, then Roman Catholic under the French, was completely submerged for a while until revived under American rule with Protestant bias by people mostly of Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian faith. According to Mr. Aurin Garrett, the first Episcopal minister to hold service in Peoria, was a Mr. Sill from New York. He did not remain, but the next year (1834) the Rev. Palmer Dyer organized a parish under the name of St. Jude's. Its members, so far as I have been able to ascertain, numbered less than a score, very few of whom were Churchmen in its most meager

definition. Of only four can I be certain, viz.: the Reverend Palmer Dyer, Wm. Widdenham, the wife of A. O. Garrett, pioneer tavern keeper of our town, and the wife of Dr. Rudolphus Rouse.

The history of Peoria abounds in records in which Mr. Garrett and Dr. Rouse are prominent. But the Church that played no small part in the development of our city's stability received its first impetus undoubtedly at the hands of these otherwise modest and retiring women. Both lived to see the fruit of their labors. Mrs. Mary Garrett, frail in figure and delicate in health, left here about 1854 or 1855 and died in California soon after. Mrs. Rouse died in 1882, outliving her husband nineteen years. Those old enough to remember Dr. Rouse will recall the sternness of his disposition and realize how much it must mean that his wife's religious principles should have prevailed, he having been brought up a Baptist. When Dr. Rouse built his house on the corner of Jefferson and Main Streets, it was considered the most palatial in the state, and the little doctor was a conspicuous figure in the progressive interests of the town. Consequently I can not but think that to the influence of Mrs. Rouse is owing much of the Church material that entered into the foundation of St. Paul's Parish.

Though St. Jude's was the first organized Church body in Peoria, October 27th, 1834), the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians organized very soon after, grew rapidly, and soon dominated the religious sentiment of the town. St. Jude's must have languished or completely died out; for in 1848 Bishop Chase found it necessary to reorganize the Episcopalians he found here into a parish under the name of St. Paul's. In the fourteen years that had passed since the beginning of St. Jude's one of its first wardens, Samuel C. Baldwin, had moved away; one of the vestrymen on record, Judge A. M. Hunt, remembered as a jolly good fellow, was killed while on a trip to St. Louis, by falling from the deck of a steamer in his sleep. Dr. Geo. A. Kellogg, P. A. Westervelt, and Wm. Frisby, clerk, died or moved away, probably, as their names do not appear in Drown's City Directory. Of the remaining names on record, A. O. Garrett, Dr. Joseph C. Frye

and Dr. Dickinson seem to have connected themselves with other religious bodies. Dr. Rouse, Wm. Widdenham and Wm. Mitchell, county clerk, are the only men on record as members of St. Jude's who became members of the new parish of St. Paul's; of these men Wm. Widdenham only was a communicant at the time St. Paul's Parish was organized, and he is not on record as a member of St. Jude's except through the statement of his son.

According to H. B. Rouse, oldest son of Dr. Rouse, about all the religious instruction the young people of that time received was of an evangelical nature. This shows what a low ebb the affairs of St. Jude's had reached. Mr. Rouse distinctly remembers the first Episcopal service he ever witnessed. Some man met him on the street and asked him if he did not want to go to Church with him. He acquiescing, was taken to the courthouse, and when he saw the white-gowned clergyman thought he was in at a Roman Catholic service, and shortly backed out and left. St. Jude's certainly must have been without a clergyman at this time. Bishop Chase mentions officiating in Peoria in 1835 and again in 1837. He says in a letter to his son:

Robins Nest, October 23d, 1837.

Eight o'clock in the evening.

My Dear D.:

I feel too tired to work or study this night, and must content myself with talking with you on paper. Having been invited to preach at Peoria, fourteen miles from this, your mother and brother, Philander, and myself set off in our Quaker coach, Cynthia and Sol being our steeds, last Sunday morning (yesterday) at a little after sunrise. We were there just in time enough to commence service in season. This was in the Presbyterian meeting-house. The congregation was pretty large, though but two or three of them, besides ourselves were Church people. The great object before me was to make, or be the means of making, by the grace of God, as many worship the Maker of all things, and the Judge of all men, as possible. Accordingly, having brought with me a large basket filled with Prayer-books, I addressed the people in a similar manner to that which I used when you attended with me the protracted meeting on Pretty Prairie, in Indiana. The result was, that on distributing the Prayer Books among them, a far greater half of the most respectable part of the males

and some of the females, joined audibly in the service, a thing never before witnessed among them. Never did I feel more gratified. In the afternoon the responses were still more uniform and distinct, and the posture of kneeling, to which I had in a previous address exhorted them, more general . . . I was nearly exhausted with the very long exercise of speaking both morning and evening, and could with difficulty perform the visitation of the sick, which I was invited to do by the family of Dr. C.—. Then came family worship, and this closed the labors of the day.

This morning we rose in health and much refreshed with quiet sleep. After morning prayers in the family, I proceeded to administer the Lord's Supper to the sick persons—doctor's mother, and his brother's wife; the latter being, to all human view, near her change of this, I trust, for a better world. The visitation office was, as directed by the rubric, performed with the administration of the Communion. The scene was exceedingly solemn. Several relatives and prior acquaintances of the sick were present, and the whole number of those who partook of this blessed ordinance was twelve. . . . After dinner, we returned to our peaceful home, and found all well.

This is the history of our little official excursion; may God sanctify it to the benefit of many. . . .

Your loving father,

P. CHASE.

The Rev. Palmer Dyer must have left, then, before October, 1837. The first meetings of St. Jude's were held in an upper room of A. O. Garrett's tavern, corner Main and Washington (part of this building is still standing in the rear of the Campbell Hay Co.*), later, as we have seen, in the Presbyterian meeting-house, and still later in the Court House. Apparently, St. Jude's never had a lodging place of its own but was knocked about from pillar to post until it died from sheer neglect. Drown's Directory for 1844 says "This Church is now extinct."

But it was at Peoria and under the leadership of the Rev. Palmer Dyer, the rector and organizer of St. Jude's, that the convention was held that called Philander Chase to the bishopric of Illinois; and it was Bishop Chase who gave to St. Paul's Parish the ground that has been her lasting foundation. The seed that Palmer Dyer sowed fell on ground good, bad, and indifferent; but the bad and indifferent is of meager record, while the good has grown a bountiful crop. I wish it

* No. 100, Corner of Main and Washington Streets.

were possible to discover how much the Bishop's basket full of Prayer Books counted for in the twelve years' life struggle of the Church that ended in the Parish of St. Paul's Peoria.

The Church in Peoria has had other periods when its chances for life seemed desperate; but we of today can hardly estimate the despondency that must have come to the few faithful Churchwomen who lived through the dozen years. Twelve years in a leaky, drifting boat at sea; think of it! Think of that devoted mother, Mrs. Rouse, with her growing boys and girls, keeping up courage for twelve years,—and winning out, for five of her children were baptized together July 15th, 1849. Quiet determination generally wins out; and notwithstanding the failure of St. Jude's to find a place to grow in, the floating church tendencies in the community suddenly crystallized, about what central will it is now difficult to determine,—probably the Bishop's.

Bishop Chase's daughter, Mary C., had married I. S. Chamberlaine; and the Bishop had started them in teaching school in Peoria. One might guess that through them the Bishop would soon have become possessed of a fair knowledge of the situation in Peoria, and that the Churchmen there should have felt that the Bishop's interest might be concentrated for that reason upon the chances for a live Church in the city. Whatever the guess, the fact remains that St. Paul's Church sprang into existence almost at once.

The witness of this fact is before me now,—an interesting crystal—viz.: a small book in marbled boards with a white paper slip pasted on the cover bearing the title in small capitals "ST. PAUL'S PARISH." It is a quaint, modest volume, well preserved, without a dog's ear, with two small holes worn in the fly leaf and a few idle pencilings and ink marks thereon. Yet this little work contains records not only of the corporate life of a Church, but records of men, the best of men and the best of character. The book is worthy of its first entry.

1848

We, whose names are hereunto affixed, deeply sensible of the truth of the Christian religion and earnestly desirous of promoting its holy influences in our hearts and in those of our families and neighbors, do hereby associate ourselves under

the name of "St. Paul's Parish" in communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America and Diocese of Illinois; the authority of whose constitution and canons we do hereby recognize and to whose lithurgy and mode of worship we promise conformity.

Dated Peoria, March 27th, A. D. 1848.

William Mitchell	*Anne Mitchell
*Thomas Squire	*Ellinor Perin
*George Stewardson	*Susan E. Cockle
*John Murphy	*Mary W. Taylor
E. C. Sanger	*Mary J. Squire
H. A. Foster	*Charity Stevison
Ben L. T. Bourland	*Lucretia Knowlton
Jno. D. Arnold	*Hannah L. Wilbur
*Wm. Widdenham	*Mrs. Mary P. Vinton
*Joseph Downing	**Ann Hemmant
*I. S. Chamberlaine	*Mary C. Chamberlaine
**Boyce Hemmant	
* Confirmed persons and communicants.	
** Candidates for confirmation.	

The handwriting of this entry is that of I. S. Chamberlaine and the book itself is probably a blank book that he had used for other purposes, as pages at the front have been cut out and the page containing this entry is marked at the top corner "19." The probability is that not all of the Church people of the town were interviewed for the purpose of signing this call, as notable names are missing on this page that appear shortly thereafter on the records.

In accord with the sentiment expressed, the same evening saw an assembly of those interested, as the next page in the record shows:

Peoria City, March 27th, 1848.

Notice of a meeting of the voters attached to the congregation of the Episcopal Ch. in this city to be held in the room of said congregation at 7 oclck, P. M. of this day, for the purpose of organizing a parish & electing officers therefor according to the canons & customs of said Church having been duly and publicly given, there were present at the time and place above specified, Rev. I. S. Chamberlaine, minister in

charge, & seven others, voters aforesaid: Whereupon the Rev. I. S. Chamberlaine directing, H. A. Foster was appointed Secty—and the meeting being thus organized—on motion of E. G. Sanger Esq. it was resolved

That the meeting now proceed to the election of officers for this parish for the ensuing year ecclesiastical.

Wherefore upon the same having been voted for—Mr. Thomas Squire was declared duly elected Senior Warden, Mr. Henry Rugg, Junior Warden & Mess. Washington Cockle, George Stewardson, Henry A. Foster, E. G. Sanger, Ben L. T. Bourland, Wm. Widdenham and Dr. E. Andrews vestrymen as aforesaid.

Which being done and prayer offered by the clergymen present to the great Head of the Church for the prosperity of that portion of it thus organized amongst us, the meeting on motion adjourned.

I. S. CHAMBERLAINE,	<i>Attest:</i> H. A. FOSTER,
Deacon res't in Ills.	Sect. pro tem.

The next page records changes in the vestry which had occurred in two weeks time. As official records seldom contain comment I am at sea as to the meaning of these changes. The earliest parish register existing begins in 1854, though entries partially covering the previous years have been made in this register. In all entries discovered so far I can find no further mention of Dr. Andrews or Henry Rugg. Whether these resignations as recorded April 10th, 1848, were from reluctance to continue in a position which demanded serious adherence to the customs and principles of the Church, with which they were not in full accord, also whether they retired at once from all connection with the Church or not, it is difficult to say. It is known that Mr. Rugg was brought up a Congregationalist, although he was attached to the Episcopal worship on account of the richness of its service, particularly the musical part, as he was a good tenor singer. He afterwards became a member of the Presbyterian Church.

The resignations of Mr. Rugg and Dr. Andrews were accepted and the vacancies filled by Dr. Rouse and Wm. Mitchell, Wm. Widdenham being made Junior Warden. The vestry so constituted continued throughout the year "ecclesiastical."

Wm. Mitchell was elected treasurer and H. A. Foster clerk at the second meeting of the vestry, April 14th, 1848, the first meeting, April 13th, being without a quorum,—a custom thus early established and still at times religiously observed. These meetings bear affinity to more recent assemblies for another reason. Their frequency denotes an interest and determination that our present vestry justly inherits; there was something to do and they meant to do it without waiting for another term of court.

Consequently we can see energetic men, some tall and sprightly, others short and round, notably the massive head and square shoulders of B. L. T. Bourland, the curling locks and heavy eyebrows of Dr. Rudolphus Rouse passing down camphine-lighted Main Street. To join them on the corner we can see Bill Mitchell, as people delighted to call him, skipping across lots from the Mitchell House, the present home of the Peoria Star,* and passing behind Geo. B. Bestor's house, site now occupied by W. S. Mulford.** Bestor himself as well as Washington Cockle, postmaster, are high in affairs political rather than ecclesiastical. Our kodak catches the party as they pick their way through the mud—April mud—which covers the Adams Street crossing too deep for composure other than that of a High Church standing and a Broad Church footing. Bless you, they don't mind it; this is not the day of patent leather in Peoria. They scrape the surplus mud off on the rough plank sidewalk, pass the boys drumming their heels on barrels and boxes in front of Fisher Bros. produce warerooms on the corner, farther along Bartlett's Dry Goods store, and now draw near the business center of the town—on Main below Washington. Possibly young Mr. Willard, little dreaming how much of his future is bound up in their endeavor, watches them through his store window, as they stop before a double brick store building where a narrow stairway separates John Bryson from Hiram Farrell, two men who never grew much of anything but old together on their real estate.

Here then at last was found a lodging place, a birthplace for the Church in Peoria; humble enough, a back-room above

* No. 137 to 145 Corner of Jefferson and Fulton.

** No. 315 Main Street.

H. G. Farrel's drug store, small, low ceilinged—but in the heart of the town, as it should be, as we always hope it will be, metaphorically as well as literally.

St. Paul's Parish began its life under the administration of a deacon,—I. S. Chamberlaine had not yet been ordained. He is not the only deacon, by the way, who has presided over the destinies of St. Paul's—but that is coming rather close to home.* During Mr. Chamberlaine's deaconship, the Rev. Joseph Mayo of Limestone, neighbor of the Rev. John Benson, the many years priest and pastor of Christ Church, Limestone, came in once a month to administer Holy Communion. These occasions were feast days for more than the people of St. Paul's. Mr. Chas. Mayo, son of the Rev. Joseph, tells of his father's first visit to St. Paul's. (The name Mayo to others, as well as to the writer, seems like a halo 'round Peoria, and in earlier days it, to all accounts, must have scintillated. The Rev. Joseph and his sons and daughters were a bright and lively family brought up in the love of God and of each other; and the basketsful of love left over have always served to make their neighbors happier and better.) They all came in together this time. Pleasant Valley, which might have been so named for their passing through it, was no more country than the fields each side of the Farmington Road, now Main Street, clear to the front of the bluff and down at least as far as to where St. Paul's stone church now stands. Speaking of the Farmington Road, during that part of the '30s when St. Jude's Church was languishing, Farmington was considered by some—Mr. Rugg for instance—as having a brighter future than Peoria, not ecclesiastically but temporally. That was before the wonderful whiskey fortunes were made.

But on this morning the Mayos were thinking neither of Farmington nor whiskey, but of the beautiful day and the beautiful fields and the picturesque city spread out like a fringe along the blue lake, with the fresh green hills beyond. May God and man keep those hills across the water always fresh and green to rest tired eyes and help tired hearts to work

* Mr. Percival, our rector at the time of writing, was delighting all hearts with his bright and winning ways and earnest efforts to live up to our pride in him.

more bravely day by day. The Mayos stopped at Mrs. Gustorf's on Hamilton Street and from there they set out to find the little upper room on Main Street. The Rev. Joseph stopped a man to ask him where it was, and he not knowing, a young lady just in advance of the party stopped and turned saying, "Pardon me, but if you wish to go to the Church room I will show you where it is; I am going there myself." Mr. Chas. Mayo says that he always has remembered the beauty and sweetness of this charming young woman who came so delightfully to their assistance; and those who remember her even in her later years can appreciate Mr. Mayo's feelings as he first looked upon the lovely face of Mrs. Washington Cockle, the mother of our present vestryman, Chas. S. Cockle.

At the first celebration of the Holy Eucharist in St. Paul's Church the room was well filled. Mr. Mayo says that in the prayers everybody turned around and knelt to their chairs, that there was no altar rail, and but few at a time could partake of Communion. One corner of the room was screened off for a robing closet and according to the custom of the times the black scholastic gown was assumed for preaching the sermon. It might be interesting to contrast the changing of robe for this purpose with the change that is now made when the priest takes off his chasuble before going to the pulpit and resumes it again after the sermon. If a mere matter of show under criticism, how much does the one custom differ from the other? Mr. Mayo remembers the singing, aside from what their own family contributed, as done by young ladies mostly, their leader as the one who was or soon became Mrs. O. C. Parmely. Mr. Mayo's memory, naturally chivalrous, seems more easily to recall the women than the men; and though he does not mention him, Mr. Henry Rugg must undoubtedly have been one of the singers, unless some other religious body, as they have done at times since, had outbid St. Paul's for his tenor voice. I wonder how our present choir would have sounded in that small room, and I wonder how the town would have taken the sensation? The vestry, if they had not all resigned, might have been kept busy answering questions, and not musical questions, either.

But that particular alarm clock was set to go off later. It was enough for Evangelical Peoria to float the simple Episcopal proposition then before it. That proposition, as far as the general public was concerned, was the accumulation of funds to build a Church on a piece of property on the edge of town offered to St. Paul's Parish for that purpose by Bishop Chase. That particular corn or potato field was owned previous to the Bishop's holding by Wm. Tobey and was situated on the corner of Main and Monroe Streets. Mr. Gray lived in a house opposite on Main. And now if they would work for it, the vestry of St. Paul's could have a church building far enough out into the country to have a chance to grow. That they appreciated this fact is seen by the record, which shows how October 29th, 1848, they decided to procure more elbow room while it was low in price, and how incidentally they started another custom not now neglected.

"October 29th, 1848. . . . On motion of E. G. Sanger, W. Cockle and E. G. Sanger were appointed a committee to wait upon the P. E. Sewing Society and request a loan of eighty dollars for the purpose of buying ten feet more ground adjoining Church lot and to propose to pay six per cent for the same."

Eight dollars a foot for ground fronting Main Street! It was lovely of the ladies' sewing society; but what was the matter with E. G. Sanger and Washington Cockle? Did they not know that the women of St. Paul's always could and would gladly more than double anything the vestry asked? Think of the splendid depth of chancel and choir stall accommodation the P. E. Society had at its fingers' ends to say nothing of guildhall, parsonage etc., all for eight dollars a foot. "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." But that is hardly fair as buyers of Main Street property in those days were not numerous even among the worldly ones, and there were worldly ones then, they tell us.

The Bishop's gift was officially accepted September 27th, 1848. The next month R. Rouse and W. Cockle were appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions towards building a Church and the P. E. Sewing Society were solicited as before mentioned. It is a matter of regret that so many tenacious customs

or habits took root in our parish in its infancy; here is another: The committee on subscriptions were appointed in October; the following February it was "on motion resolved that the committee on subscriptions proceed to discharge their duty and that the secretary prepare a proper book for the purpose."

They could not have been waiting for the people to return from their summer holidays? Possibly the forerunner of Tripp & Co.,* Tucker & Mansfield, I suppose, had been slow in ordering the proper style of blank book or there was a delay on account of navigation. But the chances are that the courage necessary to begin soliciting was as slow coming as it is now. Slow as it was, it was probably not so slow as the coming of the money needed.

April 9th, 1849, brought a new Church year and the election resulted as follows: John Birket, Senior Warden (a name of great subsequent importance to the Church in Peoria); Thomas Squires, Junior Warden; Rudolphus Rouse, Washington Cockle, Geo. C. Bestor, E. G. Sanger, Eldrick Smith, H. A. Foster, Wm. Widdenham, vestrymen; W. Cockle, Secretary. At vestry meeting the evening following, Thos. Squires and H. A. Foster were appointed a committee "to ascertain the actual cost of materials and labor to build a Church edifice according to the plans and specifications prepared by Mr. Ulrichson." Mr. Chas. Ulrichson was in a way, therefore, the father of the first Church building; and it is with pleasure that we can realize how long the work of superintendency in St. Paul's one way or another remained with the name. His wife, and later his daughter also, have been constant in preparing and executing plans and specific work to the good of the parish. For much of its early existence the vested choir had a mother in Mrs. Ulrichson.**

Apparently the small money prospect was pinching the young parish and "actual cost" was called upon to show its face, in hopes, perhaps, that it might be made to shrink to

* At the time of writing, Tripp & Co. were still doing business at 208 Main Street; the old reliable office supply house for many years.

** Position now held and for the last twenty years by Miss Mary Armstrong.

dimensions fitting their emergency. I note that no contractor other than the architect appeared upon the scene to give chance for future squabbles. Work and materials were to be bartered for separately and Mr. Ulrichson alone was to be held responsible. I wonder how frequently the roof leaked in the first building. I can find few entries of repairs and should judge that Mr. Ulrichson's work on the building was as good as either the ecclesiastical work inside or the spiritual work outside. However, before there could be any inside, either actual cost or the public had to be conjured.

But first as a proper foundation the Bishop on May 14th wrote the vestry offering certain valuable books that had been placed at his disposal for the benefit of some parish, and stating that he "thereby name St. Paul's Church, Peoria, Ills., as the object of the above specific benevolence, and provided the books be kept and never sold (where are they?) but used for said Parish and Minister forever. I do give the same into their hands . . ." The catalogue begins with "Maury's Principles of Eloquence, 1 vol." A popular ex-president of our Men's Club* will undoubtedly be pleased to know that such fundamental principles were incorporated in the beginning of St. Paul's Church. The list continues:

Patrick Lowth and Whitley's Commentaries	4 vols.
Homes Introductions	2 vols.
Arminian & Calvinistic Controversy	2 vols.
McKnight on the Epistles	
Burnett on the 39 Articles	
Hooker's Works	
Hobart on the State of the Departed	

etc., etc., ending with "Percival on the Roman Schism."

It is barely possible that the list scared the Peorians into action. So much solemnity was formidable. There was only one resource, one that is always to be relied upon: they called the ladies in. At least there is no proof to the contrary, and it is a positive fact, and the evidence is found in the records immediately following, that the people indulged in a *Ladies' Fair*; and on the same date another entry shows that the

* Dabney T. Maury, who shortly before the time of writing, together with his wife, had been devoted workers in Church and Sunday School. They were deservedly popular and were woefully missed when they left town for Evanston.

church building had been commenced. The cornerstone was laid July 28th, 1849.* It is odd that the clerk of the vestry should have considered it unnecessary to mention the fact on the records. The Fair, however, was not done in a corner, and the usual results followed.

The exact date of this important social event is uncertain; but it took place in the winter of 1849-50. The ancestor of all St. Paul's Church fairs was not unworthy of its progeny in the essentials, sociability and success. In minor details the contrast between then and now is about as great as is that of ritual—in reverse order. This fair, so I am told by Mr. Rouse, ran one week. One full week of fun and frolic! The work and worry are forgotten. I take it for granted that the whole town attended. Why could not some one have saved a program, if they had such a thing? I guarantee that had there been one, no advertisement would have appeared on its pages though no "Merchants' Association" existed to defeat its object. Not that the merchants would have objected to appearing in such company or because they were at all niggardly, but because that was the day of innocence in the art of advertising. Otherwise the advertisements, as Drown's Directory will show, would have eclipsed the practical part of the entertainment. Witness the efforts of such enterprising citizens as Caleb Whittemore showing the figure of a soldier at guard with tall hat and plume and the legend: "Gun and Whitesmith—and all orders promptly attended to"—typical emblem of the attention that continued for over sixty years; and that of Wm. A. Herron, druggist, whose stately words, "The public are respectfully informed . . ." is peculiarly characteristic of the banker of today.** Part of the quaint advertisement reads like a prophecy, "Having recently embarked in business and being desirous of establishing a reputation, he will spare no exertions to give satisfaction." Had our Church people realized their opportunity in the program line, what could they not have done, especially unencumbered as they were with anyone in authority inclined to object?

* The stone so marked was saved when the old church was torn down and is now embedded in the wall of the Tower Vestibule of our present building.

** Now deceased.

In looking for a suitable room to hold the fair, the ladies had no such chance as now. No "Women's Club" existed, not even Rouse's Hall* had yet been placed daringly among the fine residences that surrounded the Court House Square. But they were able to find a good place. The Masons' Hall was opened to them. It was conveniently near. They could look out of the windows of St. Paul's room and see it across the intervening back yards of the principal stores of Peoria. This building is still standing on the alley behind Franks & Sons on Fulton Street. Think of it! That disreputable rookery, once the scene of a gathering of all the most fashionable and highly respectable of Peoria society. The stamp of respectability has been for many years washed out and stained black under the loose principles of our city administration. But at the time no better place could be found than the Masonic Hall over Gurney's leather store.

And here, according to common law regulations that govern absolutely on such occasions, men were persuaded to purchase all sorts and conditions of goods temptingly arrayed and temptingly offered by saleswomen perfectly innocent of the intrinsic value of the articles they sold but wise concerning the value of their personal attractions and consequent power. Flowers,—so much to pin a rosebud in a buttonhole,—and what man ever regretted the experience however great the charge? Refreshments, a man is always hungry when he can choose his waiter from the most charming of the town! Fortune-telling, old as the hills, but costly, especially to the popular.

Who won the gold watch that was raffled off one evening? Young Mr. Hotchkiss, of course. He always won everything and lost nothing except his savings. Reckless in the extreme was Newell Hotchkiss; he didn't care whether school kept or not. In fact, all he cared for was a certain Miss Rouse, and when a wonderful and gorgeous bonnet was put up for raffle he emptied his pockets with his usual luck, and then went on a hunt for Miss Martha. But Miss Martha was in hiding; she knew the bonnet and she had her suspicions as to Newell's intentions. Nothing in the world would tempt her to wear an

* Site of the Peoria Life Building.

unbecoming bonnet. Matters grew interesting for the crowd and serious for the young couple. The sympathizing women did all they could to screen the young lady, but Newell was too determined. They say that when he found her the scene was the liveliest one on the program. What became of the bonnet is a mystery; but the story ended as all good stories do.

The ceremony took place some time later.

But of all the attractions that were billed to take place none were looked forward to with so much expectation as the Mayo family glee performance. The fame of the Hutchinson family had but begun to spread when Rev. Joseph Mayo was preparing to leave his home in Ohio for the Illinois prairies. His large family of boys and girls caught the inspiration and, under the instructions of their talented mother, reached such a degree of perfection as to make their three weeks' journey overland a musical tour. I understand that they were so successful as to alarm the conscience of the austere father, who might have dreaded the possibility of his children adopting a traveling profession to the break-up of his home. But instead of a break-up it proved an additional tie. They were bound all the closer together by the joy of the musical harmony. Eventually they could line up ten voices; but at this time, Joseph and William, basses; George and Charles, tenors; Frances, alto; and possibly Herbert, were those who stood forth on this memorable occasion. One of the most attractive numbers in their repertoire was a pathetic song in which George, the best voice of them all, took the air and the appreciative audience were thrilled with (the words live only in memory now) :

*On board the Valiant we set sail,
Her streamers waving in the wind.
On high flew Jack; he waved his cap in air;
He saw his own dear Mary weeping there.
And heard her sigh, "Adieu, adieu,"
And heard her sigh, "Adieu."*

Mr. Rouse can not say whether this song was what smoothed the ruffled waters that threatened shipwreck to Newell Hotchkiss' hopes or not; but it ought to have done more than that. Some are bold enough to think that it may

have had something to do with the departure of young Matthew Griswold for the East from whence he soon returned with his bride.

One thing, however, will always remain a mystery, viz.: what the wheelbarrow was used for—

Apl. 3d, 1850. Resolved, that the sum of five dollars be paid to James L. Riggs, being the amount paid by him for a wheelbarrow, which was lost at the time of holding the Ladies' Fair, and which had been borrowed and used on that occasion.

Did Newell Hotchkiss use it to dispose of the bonnet? Was that before O. C. Parmely set up his livery? Matthew Griswold could not have taken it East in accord with the old nursery rhyme. This was St. Paul's Church Fair, and people were supposed to be able to find their way home without aid. But that is far afield. Not even an echo of a grumble has come down the years; for a good brick church seating 350 people and costing \$5500.00 was dedicated September 15th, 1850, the exact middle of a century of American progression; and in one year's time not a pew was vacant.

So far this history of the Church has been largely and necessarily secular. But late in the year 1849 there came to Peoria a man whose life was given to the Church and whose dominant power was the stay of the Church for years, whose devotion was unexampled, whose determination raised the Church to its highest point of prosperity and yet in a sad hour brought it to the verge of destruction. The name of Alexander G. Tyng is written in indelible ink across the history of St. Paul's Parish. That he was an angel of God both for our blessing and our chastening, I fully believe. He was a young man in 1849 and a representative of the youth and enterprise of the town which he chose for his life work. How many young men of the highest social circles in Peoria today would be willing every Sunday to carry a small melodeon from the house to the Church, particularly if it were down Main Street and up a narrow flight of stairs? Young Tyng was not ashamed or afraid to do this, week in and week out for a year or more, notwithstanding the fact that it gave the other fellows a chance to walk ahead with the pretty Brotherson girls

after Church. He was not so short-sighted, either, for Mrs. Brotherson was the kindest-hearted woman that ever lived, and it was Mrs. Brotherson who played the melodeon. Perhaps that accounts. Henry Rouse and the other boys had their laugh at the time; but as the roses blossomed on the fair cheeks of one of the loveliest young women in the town (God's blessing never was so full of grace in all our land as when he gave Peoria this perfection of a woman) and it became evident that young Mr. Tyng had advanced fortifications where they were beginning to tell, almost any one would have been willing to take his chances on the melodeon for what went with it. There was one gentle lady, who just before her death recalled vividly how, all of sixty years before, her poor heart failed her as she stood beside her two friends, the Brotherson girls, in the Church choir, and wondered, as she said, "if my plain face (one of the most interesting of faces that I have known and admired) could possibly interest anybody with those pretty ones so near."

This is not the only memory of heart failure in that room. The saintliest of men that ever lifted up his voice in prayer and praise in Peoria, Rev. John Benson, whose long life ended peacefully a number of years ago, told how in the early days of his ministry he was invited to take a service in St. Paul's room. He had gotten as far as the sermon and had given out his text when he became as one dumb. His voice was completely gone, he could not make a sound. He stood there before all the people, their eyes on him awaiting his words, and he speechless. The moisture gathered on his pale face, he felt the strain slowly creeping over his sympathetic congregation. He closed his eyes for one moment of intense prayer, and as though the hand of the loving healer of all ills had touched him he felt the power of speech come back. Assuredly Christ, the loving, patient, life-giving Christ, had forever touched with His power this servant of His, whose voice, however feeble, was like a pure spring of living water never ceasing to bring rest and comfort to the weary and afflicted in the desert places of life's journey. His heart was an endless Halleluia, his life a beautiful cathedral window for all who knew him.

The memorial windows in that little room of old St. Paul's are stained in pure colors truly, for hunt as one will, no mischief making element is discoverable. The little old melodeon sends down the years only harmonious strains. What though young Roswell Bills and little Peckham carried it about with them on the streets in serenades, and "Come where my love lies dreaming" blended with its plaintive piping under dainty Miss Kuhn's window, was it not indicative of the good will of all men toward each other, of whatever religion? Michief making must have been of later breeding or shortlived and seedless. The Canada thistle had not yet got a foothold in our western prairies. The English sparrow and the box elder with its caterpillars had not come in 1850. But what was more to the Peoria people, and the Church, Mrs. Matthew Griswold had. She was only one of the scores of women whose lives have been given unsparingly to the work of the Parish of St. Paul's. It is always the women who do the real work. (So far the Indian has stamped our land with his traits.) But however much Peoria looked for her coming and however much it afterward became to her, dreadful seemed the sacrifice at the time. She has told how she came from her lovely home in the East by rail, river and canal. The trail wandered farther and farther into the endless, desolate West. To exchange the stately buildings of her home city for the low rambling barracks squatting on muddy streets, and the Gothic Church for the low back room brought tears hard to hold back.

From the same well whence came the tears came the generous fountain of hospitality that was the pride of St. Paul's for many years. The Griswold home may have started in the old brick house recently wrecked for the patrol building beside the City Hall but soon the mansion, doomed to hotel purposes for a while and then but a bill board stand,* on South Madison Street off Main, became a victorious rival of the Rouse and Brotherson homes. Bishop Chase may have hugged the grate fires in the Doctor's house, but the grate fires Mrs. Griswold started—warm as her heart—were lighted for his successors, and frequently lighted.

* Now the home of the Peoria Evening Star.

I can remember years ago how funny I thought the parody on the Psalms that, on account of his Lordship's frequent visits, originated from the young scion of the household: "Why hop ye so ye high hills, why do ye hop? Because he is coming, my Lord Bishop'. Why hip ye high hills, why do ye hip? Because he is coming, my Lord Bishop'," etc. And those grate fires; seldom has their like been seen. No wonder the bishop came. Particularly if the same dainty little maiden with the loveliest black hair and eyes, coy and bewitching, touched matches to the cunningly piled wood and coal, and the flames crept, curled and darted till all was blazing, and the jolly roar up the chimney made you welcome, and the warmth came out and held you captive with a charm second only to the warmth of welcome in the Griswold heart.

So it was that Mrs. Griswold stopped her weeping and stayed to make a home—St. Paul's Parish was made of homes. It is not only brilliant men and fashionable women to whom St. Paul's is indebted for its success. John Birket, said to be one of the plainest, quietest of men, when approached by the subscription committee, took their breath away by a proposition to give as his share to the new building whatever a certain piece of ground he owned should be sold for; and \$1000.00 was thus realized, one-fifth of the total cost of the new building. He certainly did not ask how much others were giving for fear he should give more than his share.

It was a great day, that of the dedication, a proud day for Bishop Chase, a day of general rejoicing and good fellowship. The Rev. I. S. Chamberlaine, although he had put his best endeavor into the growth of the young Church, was not to experience as rector the joys of the new building. His resignation was sent in and accepted early in the year (1850), although his occasional services were obtained until the coming of Rev. J. W. Cracraft. Mr. Cracraft, whose rectorship in St. Paul's numbered seven years, was a man of considerable strength of character, a bachelor with many of the traits of a bachelor to mar the work of an otherwise excellent clergyman, and for the condition of the times rather an indifferent Churchman. His likes and dislikes were strong and unconcealed; and I suspect he gave the P. E. Sewing Society plenty to talk about.

One of these tales, not exactly ecclesiastical but illustrative of what a misfortune a bachelor habit can be, lingers in the memory of one of the gentlest of women. Unexpectedly (a prerogative of the clergy with a precedent in the Bishop) Mr. Cracraft dropped in to tea on one of his parishoners. She was considerably flustered, knowing that her visitor was whimsical about his food. But she got together what she could and set her table with a well-cooked juicy leg of mutton, potatoes, biscuits, cranberry sauce and tarts, then asked the good man out. "Mutton!" He despised mutton. "Biscuits!" He wouldn't think of so indigestible a food. He refused everything but the potatoes; and the poor little woman, worried and chagrined, watched the dish rapidly disappear. Whether the lofty conversation of the Rev. Mr. Cracraft sufficiently repaid her for her earthly humiliation may have been known to the P. E. Sewing Society, but is not otherwise recorded.

There must have been something in the man to counterbalance this unpopular trait as well as kindred failings, for the Church grew under his pastorate. Even his enemies could not deny this. One of them in after years confessed to a peculiar circumstance illustrative of the interest he inspired. She was a close neighbor, which may account for the bitterness that kept her from entering the Church doors, living directly behind the Church in a small brick house on the lot that for many years of late has been like Uriah's wife in the eyes of the parish; and the voice of the preacher reached her ears every Sunday in a tantalizing way. At last she could resist the seductive tones no longer and Zacchaeus-like climbed a tree that grew close to the chancel window. There for many Sundays she attended Church, escaping only the collection plate and pew rent.

But one day came, bringing with it the Rev. Dr. Tyng of New York City, whose powerful voice rang out in startling tones as he gave out his text: "Come in! thou blessed of the Lord. Why standest thou without?" Like an apple struck squarely with a stone, she dropt from the tree, and bruised both inwardly and outwardly crept into the house, trembling with fright and mortification.

So in season and out of season the Rev. Mr. Cracraft worked; and his vestry changing slightly from year to year had but little business to record. There is but one entry on the clerk's book for 1851 and but one for 1852. Here it seems, "That country is happy that has no history." For the sole meeting for 1852 records the appointment of a committee to obtain subscriptions for more ground. This is evidence of growth, making it desirable to add to the building. But the effort must have fallen flat, as the record continues eventless; two meetings in 1853, the first only appointing delegates to convention, the other voting a payment of \$107.00 for repairs to the rector's room, resolving that a notice be read to the congregation on the subject of "Sabbath collections," and showing a list of subscriptions for expenses. 1854 opens with trouble.

Peoria, March 14th, 1854.

To the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, Peoria, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Our Parish ought, as you well know, to be in a much more vigorous and prosperous condition than it is: While our city has, during the last eighteen months, increased in population two or three thousand, our congregation has remained about the same. It is vitally important to the interests of our Parish that the Church should be enlarged. Now, gentlemen, I am fully satisfied from the fact that my influence in my Parish has for some time been evidently decreasing, that these two desirable and all important objects can not be accomplished while I remain in charge of the Parish. Being fully persuaded of this, I feel it my duty to resign, and herewith present to you my resignation . . . With sentiments of Christian respect, I am, gentlemen,

Yours,

(Signed) J. W. CRACRAFT.

On motion of Mr. Tyng, the following reply was sent:

Rev. and Dear Sir:

We have received your letter with sincere regret and should accept it with great reluctance. Being convinced that the Church has flourished and will continue to flourish under your ministry . . . we would request that you take the matter under further consideration. . . . Circumstances beyond our control have prevented the enlargement of our building, yet we still hope before long that may be accomplished . . .

Respectfully, &c.,

W. COCKLE, Clerk.

These letters are practically duplicates of thousands of others before and since all over the country. It is easy to expect much, because over-sanguine, and then to get discouraged when these expectations are not realized. Mr. Cracraft said he was fully satisfied that expectations could not become realities under his administration. His vestry apparently knew what he meant. He meant to shake them up by the heels. He could make a meal on potatoes if necessary, but he intended that his Church should live better. And it was so.

You will notice that the reply to Mr. Cracraft contained an implied promise and that it was sent on motion of Mr. Tyng. Mr. Tyng was always making motions that were motions to a purpose, not stagnations; consequently it is not at all surprising that we find on record March 26th, 1855, the following:

. . . Resolved, in tendering our thanks to Mr. Tyng for the gift of the proposed library we wish also to place on record an expression of our sense of his numerous other liberal acts and services towards this Parish, more especially in regard to the recent enlargement of the Church edifice, which originating in his suggestions has been carried through mainly by his liberality and personal attention.

The reference to the library is explained by a letter on the minutes of the previous meeting.

To the Wardens & Vestry of St. Paul's Church:

Herewith I enclose to you my account against the Church, leaving a balance due me of \$2437.95 including all bills for building, balance on organ, &c, which amount I propose to give to the Church on the following conditions, to-wit: that the vestry appropriate of the revenue of the Church to be paid before all other claims one hundred and fifty dollars on the first of May and the first of November each for eight years, being twenty-four hundred dollars in all—said amount to be expended under the direction of the Rector of the Parish in purchasing a Theological Library. The books to be marked "St. Paul's Church Library" and to be forever the property of the Church and for the use and under the direction of the Rector.

(Signed) ALEXANDER G. TYNG.

I have been informed that only two payments were ever made by the vestry in compliance with this agreement, and that the responsibility of living up to the rest of the bargain

was forever shirked. Can it be that even old St. Paul's found it impossible to make both ends meet? But it is easier to raise money for a steamboat excursion than a library. Then \$300.00 worth of theology in addition to the foundation library from Bishop Chase may have seemed ample for the Rev. Mr. Crafts until such golden days should come as we are ever hoping for. Whatever they thought of their library in those days, their successors must have thought even less, for somehow, sometime, the whole thing must have evaporated. There is no trace of it now existing.

There was another gift made to the Parish at the same time, by Matthew Griswold, of which the greater part is still with us. I refer to the marble baptismal font and two cathedral chairs of oak. All that is most sacred in St. Paul's Church clusters around that font. Simple now compared with everything else in the present Church, it bears witness to the simplicity and purity of its use. May it never cease to guard The True Faith in St. Paul's Church. Against the fading power of a theological library, cost it ever so much, I place the life-giving, standard-bearing font. One of the oaken Gothic chairs, as they are called in the resolution of thanks, adorns our present sanctuary, and the central rib of its back still serves to keep our bishops upright—or forces them to sit sidewise—the bishop's throne is no easier than the monarch's. That our vestry was duly appreciative of these gifts is shown by the fact that they published resolutions concerning them to the world in the *Western Episcopalian*. They probably realized in time how much easier it was to publish good resolutions than to keep them.

So in the winter of 1855 our vestry had the pleasure of buying coal to heat about twice as many cubic feet of space as before. Each side of the old building was extended to the limits of the lot, making it cruciform. The chancel was transferred to the Monroe Street addition and a tower was erected on the northeast corner on Main Street, through which another entrance was made. Thus finished the shape of the Church was the only thing in any way symbolic of the Cross. There was a chancel, of course, with a rail separating it from the

body of the Church and raised platform height, but containing no sanctuary and no altar. A table, chairs, a pulpit and a lecturn were all the chancel contained. The prayerbook and the clergyman's vestments were all that marked a faith differing from other churches in the city with, in some instances, the exception of the font. Rev. J. W. Cracraft's churchmanship was marked the same way as was, undoubtedly, that of most of his parishoners. For two years he ministered to the people in the building he had longed for and obtained, and for the same time the clerk's books had use for only three partial pages, recording principally the following elections, which are placed here to mark some of the changes that had occurred:

1856

A. G. Tyng, Warden
J. P. Hotchkiss, Warden
John Johnston
Dr. R. Rouse
P. R. K. Brotherson
J. W. Hansel
Geo. C. Bestor
M. Griswold
W. Cockle

1857

A. G. Tyng, Warden
M. Griswold, Warden
R. Rouse
P. R. K. Brotherson
John Johnston
J. W. Hansel
Dr. Colburn
E. J. Cowell
W. Cockle

It is appropriate to mention here that Matthew Griswold had served as vestryman since 1850 and retained his office till his death.

April 18, 1857, the Rev. Mr. Cracraft sent a long letter of resignation to the vestry, in which he said he was sorry to have to, etc., etc. And the vestry responded in the same vein. And letter and resolutions were printed and 500 copies distributed to ensure all knowing the situation exactly as they, the rector and vestry, wished them to know it. All little differences existing between the rector and his people were carefully covered from sight, as they should be in a final parting, and only the good things were mentioned. Perhaps if this beautiful Christian spirit had prevailed at other times the parting might have been indefinitely postponed and the story of St. Paul's Parish widely different. Christ Reformed Church might never have been organized. But, as it was, the vestry at once got on the track of a man they wanted and called him.

He declined, as recorded in a subsequent meeting, and some of our vestry will comprehend the clause that ends the minutes: "After general consultation in regard to the interests of the Church, on motion adjourned."

In the next meeting, however, they took another hitch and called Rev. Henry N. Strong of Marshall, Mich. They took the precaution previously of accepting a lot in the cemetery that had been offered them. They were not obliged to bury their hopes this time, for Mr. Strong accepted. Before leaving the subject of this cemetery lot, the attention of the vestry is called to the fact of its present neglect. Several of our parishoners were buried there and the Church at least should pay the ordinary care of the lot. As it stands now, it is a disgrace to us all—out of sight, out of mind, I suppose, as very few if any of the parish know of its existence, its care having been a personal matter for years with those who are not now living.

The coming of the new minister meant new activity, and in September, 1857, a meeting of pewholders decided to raise the pew rents 50%. As a financial proposition the rental system seems here to show an advantage over the pledge system. It would have been impossible for any meeting to increase the pledges of others 50%, or any per cent, for that matter. Not that this raise was agreeable to all pew holders then. But they had to accept, grumble or no grumble, or leave, which alternative suggests an advantage in the present system. October of this year saw great preparations for the coming convention, which was to be held in Peoria, and Messrs. Cockle, Hansel and Tyng were appointed a committee to call upon the members of the congregation to make arrangements to accommodate delegates. I can imagine these men quietly turning over this difficult matter to their wives. The canvass, mind you, could not then be made over the telephone or by automobiles, but was a house to house canvass, on foot. There was a convention the next year, however, that the men did not turn over to any one.

That the Church should have thrived so well at this time is much to the credit of the rector, whose sixty-nine baptisms and sixty-eight candidates for Confirmation inside of two

years attest to his energy. For the years of his rectorship were unsettled years for the country at large; and the convention above referred to was one of a series of political conventions that made the year 1858 the most memorable year in the history of Illinois. It was in 1858 that Lincoln and Douglas met in debate at Peoria.

In the intense excitement of politics it would have been only natural to expect that Church interests would suffer. The foremost men on both sides were members of St. Paul's. At vestry meetings Washington Cockle might listen and vote on questions concerning Communion collections, the advisability of paying 2½% to the sexton for collecting pew rents, etc.; but his heart was possibly with the coming struggle for the life of the Democratic party. The question of mixing plaster of paris with the first coat of plaster in ceiling the Church was vastly less important to him than the mixing of Geo. W. Raney with the post office at the expense of Peter Sweat, both good democrats and both members of St. Paul's. While in medieval times records political were possible only through records ecclesiastical, modern Church records are as skeletons where political events are concerned. So while the years 1858-1859 are made alive in political records with details full of fire and fury, in these same years the clerk of St. Paul's vestry jots down items calm and commonplace. Even when something goes wrong he is as innocent of it as the chief of police is of gambling.* For note what happens at the end of the following record:

Pew Holders' Meeting—Easter Monday, 25th April, 1859. At a meeting of pewholders held at 9 o'clock this day in the Church, pursuant to notice—after morning prayers, the rector being in the chair, offered the account of the treasurer for the past year, also statement of the financial affairs of the Church for the coming six months to October 1st, 1859. Mr. Cowell appointed secretary—Dr. Colburn and Mr. Hansel appointed tellers. Moved by Mr. Brotherson that the number of vestry-

* 1915-16-17 was a time when the city was stirred up over an effort to induce or force the city administration to co-operate with a league of citizens to clean up the city, stop gambling, and close the Sunday saloon. The Chief of Police came in for considerable criticism for his apparent ignorance of the gambling resorts, which were then unearthed by the league and their paraphernalia burnt.

men shall be seven (7). Seconded by Mr. Tyng. Carried. While the balloting was proceeding the following resolution was offered and passed: "Resolved that St. Paul's Parish be in future governed by the constitution for parishes in canon 8 adopted at Peoria in 1857." Upon counting the ballots the following were found to be the result:

For Wardens—A. G. Tyng, 10; M. Griswold, 8; M. McReynolds, 11; J. W. Hansel, 9.

For Vestrymen—R. Rouse, 19; E. M. Colburn, 19; P. R. K. Brotherson, 16; J. W. Hansel, 9; W. Cockle, 15; J. Birket, 8; E. J. Cowell, 7; Z. N. Hotchkiss, 11; M. McReynolds, 1; A. G. Tyng, 9; J. McClellan, 10; W. H. Chandler, 7; H. S. Austin 2;*

of whom the following were reported by the tellers duly elected for wardens: A. G. Tyng, M. McReynolds; for vestrymen: R. Rouse, E. M. Colburn, P. R. K. Brotherson, W. Cockle, Z. N. Hotchkiss, J. McClellan, J. W. Hansel. A motion was made by the chair that the above be unanimously elected wardens and vestrymen, but was not recorded.

Here something must have happened behind the scenes; for before the curtain drops with the beautiful landscape painted on it we catch the following: "Mr. Tyng here offered his resignation as a warden of the Church, and also upon authority from Mr. Cockle offered his (Mr. Cockle's) resignation as vestryman—Mr. Brotherson also offered his resignation as a vestryman of the Church and upon authority from Mr. McReynolds offered his (Mr. McReynolds') resignation as a warden. Without further action the meeting adjourned. E. J. Cowell, Sec'y." Some action truly though few words. The live men of the Church step back gracefully and won't play. Why? . . . Does anyone living know? I don't. Some bomb exploded surely and wrought havoc. For the record shows repeated meetings shorthanded, and finally a vestry made complete without these men.

However, there is no great loss without some gain. One of the best and strongest men in the history of St. Paul's now came to the front. The more I pore over these old records, the more I admire this man. He was young, energetic, painstaking, unassuming, never dictatorial, a hard worker, kind and

** Compare what seems to be the number of voters (19) with the 91 in 1915, and 83 in 1928, although women vote now, whereas they were then barred by Canon.

considerate, with a world of common sense. I refer to W. A. Willard, who was mayor of Peoria for 1860-1861, and vestryman, secretary and treasurer of St. Paul's from 1859 to 1865, when he died. He carried the Church through the war. But though Mr. Willard was unassuming, the vestry were not, for November 23d, 1859, ". . . Moved by Z. N. Hotchkiss that the Rt. Rev. Henry J. Whitehouse, Bishop of Illinois, be called as pastor of St. Paul's Church . . . Unanimously carried." (When further along we begin to hear the cry of "Oppression" raised by some of these unanimous voters, remember this.) The Bishop declined the honor, and December 7th the vestry "Resolved that the vestry extend a unanimous call to Rev. Joseph M. Wait of Newport City to assume the rectorship of this Church, offering him a salary of one thousand dollars per annum, and that the circumstances of our Church congregation be fully explained to him, with assurances of our belief that if our Church is well filled and a good interest sustained, we shall be able to increase his salary after the first year . . ." The vestry having called Mr. Wait, he proceeded to call the vestry: "Jan. 17, 1860 . . . Rev. Joseph M. Wait being present, he stated that he was much pleased with this place and the courtesies received here, but that he could not possibly come to this Parish and support himself as Rector for the salary offered . . . finally that he could not minister to us for less than fourteen hundred dollars. After consultation it was moved that the salary offered to Mr. Wait be increased to fourteen hundred dollars. Carried."

And then the vestry called the pewholders: "Resolved that the treasurer be authorized to make out bills against the pewholders for the full half year ending the first of April, 1860, this resolution only intending to apply to the present emergency. Carried."

Here in May 14th, 1860, occurs one of those incidents or experiences that bear witness to the littleness of ordinary human judgment. Exasperated by the failure of some to pay their pew rents, the vestry goes on record resolving "that the following pew bills be destroyed as worthless," and then proceeds to make them indestructible by record. Here for fifty years so pilloried are thirty-eight names. What must it have

meant to many on that list to be so recorded? Some I know were good Church workers with sensitive souls and perfectly honorable in their dealings, who would never have been delinquent unless it were beyond their helping. The mere fact of being unable or unwilling to pay pew rent might be true of all these thirty-eight; but if all the failures of the parishioners of St. Paul's as reprehensible were spread upon the records——? How much more deserving of the word “worthless” are such records; why record names at all? Only God knew what was before the names on that very vestry as well as the names so needlessly recorded by them. For one of the thirty-eight, a widow, working hard for her living, was in after years so prospered that by her legacy, a widow of one of this vestry was enabled to continue Christ's work to the end of her days. Another, father of a large family of young children, his wife very ill, his fortunes at the lowest ebb at this time, was later to become one of those whose strength and courage was freely given to St. Paul's as it approached the most desperate struggle of its existence. Other names there are among the thirty-eight that have been an honor and a blessing to St. Paul's through their wives and children, one of whom the Church holds in constant memory by a tablet on her walls; one has been lavish in money, in gifts, in faith, in work up to this day, though her name is on no tablet. Three others on this list are to be found on other lists of honor and glory that put this St. Paul's record to shame; two captains and one private served their country with greater sacrifice than any other on the parish lists of all the years. Captain P. A. Davidson was promoted twice for gallantry, and Captain C. E. Dennison wrote his name with his life blood on the battlefield of Murfreesboro. And these are the names that stand on St. Paul's records as among the worthless! I move you, wardens and vestrymen, that this roll so honored in after years be notated at once, not that tardy justice be rendered to these great names—they do not need it, it would be presumption to think so—but that he who reads hereafter may realize how fallible, futile, and really worthless is any record of this kind.

The foregoing is not meant to hold up the vestry of that time for condemnation. They were kindly, earnest, conscientious men who, though attending to business energetically, would never have hurt another's feelings needlessly.

The trouble in their ranks the previous year had been wisely and happily overcome, as the Easter elections show, and the strong and willing workers had come back into harness ready to do their best. "April 17th, moved by Mr. Griswold that two members of the vestry be appointed alternately for each month to remain near the door and seat strangers and new occupants of pews." It is pertinent to remark here that Mr. Griswold became a constant attendant at this post for many years thereafter, as well known, liked and looked for as our present Senior Warden.*

May 14th, 1860, besides what has been commented on at length, contains the following interesting minutes: "Bill of T. Lawrence for papering and fixing Church, of \$600.00, and receipted by account of W. A. Willard, for which the Church owes him and he is to wait as agreed." On motion, Mr. Brotherson and Mr. Hansel were appointed a committee to investigate sale for taxes by City of Peoria of some town lots deeded to Bishop Whitehouse in trust for a new Church in Peoria by Mr. Birkett. Many of our Church people will remember that a similar circumstance occurred immediately upon the occupation of the present building, which resulted in the parish of St. Andrew's. As for the \$600.00 item, I can well remember the elaborately paneled ceiling that looked so stately to my young eyes and helped to illustrate the grandeur of the temple in the Bible stories that Mrs. Brotherson, and afterwards Mrs. Tyng, used to tell her class of little tots in the tower.

A wonder of a tower was this one of St. Paul's whose long and narrow stairway we climbed to reach our upper room to cluster around our charming teacher. Those far away days are full of a sweetness of their own, and the romance of the tower appealed not to the children only. Every notice of a

* In 1915 the Senior Warden was Madison Horton, father of our Vestryman, Philip Horton. He was a most faithful attendant at the door and his acquaintance with the members of the Church was phenomenal, everyone seemed to know him and he every one.

vestry meeting must have had an heraldic significance in its call to the *Tower*, where the clan gathered to take counsel. The magic words "At the Tower" head almost every clerk's entry from 1859 to 1865 inclusive, or during Mr. Willard's long clerkship. Mr. Willard could well be called the watchman of the Tower, faithful unto death; the tower, a symbol of strength and watchful care, guarding the entrance to the House of God, a refuge and defense against the world, the flesh, and the devil for all those who enter in faith and trust. The old tower had no cross, as has ours today, but the spirit was there the same. I am glad that today our Rector stands in the tower entrance to count his flock as they pass out.

Two more items there are to mention before the date that makes "before" and "after" in all histories of our country. "April 10, 1861 . . . Moved that the children be requested to sit with their parents or guardians in the Church." I suppose that was because the children, permitted to sit together, were restless and disturbing, and not that they were to be coerced into attendance. Today there are many times that the church-going habit is largely dependent on the teacher's asking pupils to sit with them. But who would think now that such a matter should be settled by the vestry? The vestry was "it" at that time undoubtedly. They were not so dictatorial, however, as to be incapable of gracious action, as witness the next resolution that: ". . . The Rector, Wardens and Vestry do unanimously tender their thanks to each and every member of the choir for their punctual and constant attendance."

CHAPTER II.

CIVIL WAR TO ROBERTS' RESIGNATION.

The line of demarkation drawn between April 10th and the next meeting at the "Tower" is a line that cut deep into all hearts then, and yet a line so thin upon this record it can not be found except, perhaps, a trace is shown in two short phrases occurring "May 27th, 1861 . . . Hard times . . . par funds"; and an entry for July 3 same year: "Whereas, the continued and increasing disarrangements of business have caused some to give up their pews . . ." It is a matter for thought that during the entire duration of the war these are the only traces on the record to show that there was a war at all. "Hard times"—"Par funds"—and every heart in Peoria was pounding with emotions uncontrollable. Fort Sumter and Lincoln's call to arms, and only "Hard Times," "Par funds" to show for it—Marvelous!

It has been said time and again that St. Paul's Church is conservative, cold as ice. Was it true at this crucial time? J. W. Hansel was Senior Warden, W. A. Willard, Secretary, responsible for every entry on the record during the war. But W. A. Willard was Mayor of Peoria as well as secretary of the vestry; and he it was who presided over the mass meeting held the evening of April 15th at the Court House where the tense feelings of aroused patriots found expression in fiery speeches and resolutions of loyalty to the flag. And it was the eldest son of J. W. Hansel who that evening drew up the first form of enrollment for the volunteers and headed the list with his name. Surely these men could afford to hide their feeling in "Hard times," "Par funds." Those who feel deepest say least. So St. Paul's Senior Warden was the first to make a real sacrifice for his country. Warden is a good word here—his name might have been Abraham.

At this famous meeting there were others of St. Paul's Parish, you may be sure. Senator Geo. C. Bestor—the name of Bestor has always been enrolled on St. Paul's register—opened the meeting and, together with Willard, Bryner and Webb, drew up the resolutions ending: "As Illinoisians we

pledge the United States all we are and all we possess for the preservation of this glorious Union." Spoken like followers of St. Paul himself. St. Paul's not only spoke but acted during the excitement of that week. Beside young Hansel, there were three others noticeably prominent. These were C. E. Dennison, Captain of the National Blues; John Hough, First Lieutenant of the picturesque Zouaves; and P. A. Davidson, Captain of Battery A in Second Regiment, Illinois Light Artillery.

But Saturday of that week was the great day for St. Paul's. Harry Bestor says he remembers it, and if it had not been so far down town from our house on Fourth and Franklin for a seven-year-old, I think I should have been one of the boys that tagged behind the Blues as they marched up the street that day and filed into place in front of Senator Bestor's house on Main Street. I can imagine myself squeezed in somewhere, looking on.

There on the porch was our minister, Mr. Wait, and a number of others of St. Paul's people I was to know later. Perhaps had I listened I might have heard their names pronounced. But would I have listened with that array of blue uniforms drawn up in solemn order facing the speaker on the porch? Mr. Bestor was a good speaker, and all that week he had been at it early and late. And now after Mr. Wait had offered a prayer, he stepped forward and addressed the soldiers, earnestly, eloquently, no doubt. But hearts were full when he called Captain Dennison to stand forth, and the beautiful flag that Mrs. Bestor and Mrs. Gregg had made was placed in his hand. "Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light?" It was a young lady who sang, Miss Harris; and as the chorus was reached, all, soldiers and citizens together, sang. I don't know how well they sang, but do you suppose that the greatest choruses since the war could ever mean so much to those who sing or listen? And the cheers and the tears were fresh enough for a month ahead to unnerve the hand that wrote "Hard times"—"Par funds" for this word *Hard* is re-written with a capital *H* and confused. Yes, Mr. Willard, it was hard, hard for all.

Only three days before had Captain Dennison's company left on the T. P. & W., escorted to the station by three other companies, themselves soon to leave, and among them John Hough, First Lieutenant of Zouaves, and first bass singer in our choir, the choir who so recently had received the vestry's vote of thanks for self-sacrifice and promptness. I have been told that both John Hough and Captain Dennison were presented with swords by the ladies of the Church. This might have been the case, and while canonically it might have been a breach of Church etiquette had the vestry participated in it, that is still a matter for discussion. Customs change. In 1429 Joan of Arc received her sword from the chapel of St. Catharine de Fierbois. As a Christian symbol the sword has always had its place. I am strangely tempted to affirm when I think of these soldiers who left their places in St. Paul's to uphold the Union with their might, that whatever were their failings otherwise, as Churchmen they possessed enough of the virtues of St. Paul to be worthy of remembrance when our eyes rest upon the sword in the first window in our Church.

But the men were not alone in the patriotic action. The women of St. Paul's came right to the front with their might. On the 27th of April Rouse's Hall held a meeting called for the purpose of organization, and to make arrangements for preparing bandages and lint for the use of soldiers, adjourning to meet the following Tuesday, April 30th, at Mrs. Griswold's house to begin work. Mrs. Griswold's home, therefore, ever open to the call of the Church, was first to respond to the call of the country. And the little gathering of earnest workers so fostered grew and grew, until it became first "The Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society of Peoria"; President, Mrs. A. G. Curtenius; Secretary, Mrs. Caroline Cockle; and later in 1863: "The Woman's National League of Peoria." Of course, these members of St. Paul's Parish did not come forward as such, but as citizens of Peoria, and in their readiness to unite with those of every faith to do what was of paramount need, they proved their catholicity. Did old St. Paul's teach Christian unity and civic duty any more conscientiously than that of today? Foremost then, are we foremost now?

While the people of St. Paul's were meeting constantly, burdened with the nation's welfare, the first year of the war only three vestry meetings were recorded: May 27th, July 3d and September 4th. There were seven meetings in the following year, 1862. The shadow of "Hard times" hung over the vestry, as well as the country. But they continued to pay in "par funds." For were not all working, heart, soul and body, at home, in camp, on battlefield, to hold all funds at par? "Hard times"—"Par funds"—brief record of the war, but full of meaning. "Suffering" and "Responsibility"—"Self-denial" and "Preservation of our promise to mankind"—"The Nation's flag"—"Tattered" and "Restored"—"The Christian Cross" and "Crown." Sometime when you come out of Church look across at the government building and consider how much more formidable it seems than the Church or the soldiers' monument. But——!

1862 brought a loss to the Church of another of its choristers, Charlie Tracy. Charlie Tracy—was there ever his like in the Church before or since? A beautiful tenor voice, a perfect gentleman, a sunny cheerful disposition, his services always freely given whenever needed, gay, happy, loved by all, young, petted yet unspoilt. Can you match him? Who will qualify? And he, too, must go! When in the Fall of '62 the 77th marched off to war, Washington Cockle's front yard held many with "Fall" in their hearts. For after Mrs. Cockle had presented the flag to the regiment, they marched away, and among them was St. Paul's favorite, First Lieutenant of Company "B"—our Charlie. There are those in Peoria today who are not ashamed to remember their heartache then. There must have been more than one to whom the war meant mostly Charlie Tracy. And the music in St. Paul's no doubt to many was woefully out of joint and lacking.

St. Paul's has always been fond of good music; and at this time the records show that the vestry had implicit faith in Providence. They fully believed that to them that hath shall be given. "April 14th, 1863 . . . Mr. Austin moved that Mr. Brotherson and Mr. Griswold be committee on music. Carried."

There you have it right off the record, and it was April 14th, not 1st. I don't know whether our present wardens ever heard Mr. Griswold sing or not; but Mr. Woodward* used to sit behind him for years and has made remarks about his rendition of the creed—rendering or rending might be more apt. Yet Mr. Griswold had the kindest heart that ever was and would never have hurt a musical tone had he known one when it came buzzing around. I have watched him gently wave his hand above his shining head when May beetles lit there on a June night in Church and not disturb the service by a breath, while the wicked boys and girls in the back pews doubled up and snickered. And Mr. Brotherson's knowledge of music! Mrs. Brotherson had most of that, I suspect. Anyway, Mr. Griswold and Mr. Brotherson constituted the committee on music and the vestry remained committed to their selection for many years thereafter. And what is more, their faith was rewarded beautifully, as we shall see. Faith is a good thing; but it is generally considered safer to have those who know most about music on the music committee; that is, if the best music is desired. I rather believe that in this case the day was saved by the addition at a critical time of a thorough musician on the committee. I refer to Samuel B. Wilkinson, father of the late Frank Wilkinson, our beloved and respected vestryman whose tragic accident and wonderful, gay courage in the struggle to maintain his life and usefulness gripped all our hearts, and will never be forgotten. Should this story extend to his time, I will have much to tell of him. But at this time he was just a bright boy, full of mischief.

Perhaps you would like to know the names of this faithful vestry. April 6th shows as elected the following: J. W. Hansel and A. G. Tyng, Wardens; B. F. Ellis, P. R. K. Brotherson, H. S. Austin, M. Griswold, Z. N. Hotchkiss, Charles Ulrichson, Geo. Field, and W. A. Willard, Vestrymen. The record of the next meeting contains a minute quaintly worded. W. A. Willard as secretary of Pew Holders' meeting, stated the result of elections of vestrymen for the ensuing year; he

* H. J. Woodward, Junior Warden in 1915, died 1917, April 15. He was son of H. R. Woodward, whose service in the vestry is recorded further along in this story.

also stated that upon giving Mr. Z. N. Hotchkiss notice of his election he (Mr. Hotchkiss) "refused to serve." Rather blunt; looks like some feeling here. Mr. Hotchkiss, you may remember, was the young man who broke the bank at the first fair. He had served as vestryman continuously since 1859 and now he up and quit; just plain refused. And the vestry knew he meant it, undoubtedly, for they proceeded at once to put another pugilist in his place. "By ballot Mr. John Johnson received six votes, no one else receiving any vote Mr. Johnson was unanimously elected." Then they got busy, elected Willard, Secretary; Tyng, Treasurer; Tyng and Ulrichson on repairs; music committee as stated; Ellis, Field and Austin on Pews; and wound up by robbing Paul to pay Peter: "Moved that enough of the Communion fund in the hands of the Rector be taken to pay the Diocesan fund which was now due from this Parish. Carried. No further business. Adjourned. W. A. Willard, Secretary."

As the nation came into its strength so did St. Paul's, gradually but splendidly, and much of this strength was owing to that branch of the Church that found scant notice on the records. The vestry might vote that the children sit with their parents and guardians in Church; but vote or no vote the children became a power to waft the Church forward. "All my fresh springs shall be in Thee," sang the psalmist. And so it had come about that the first missionary effort of St. Paul's was made possible by the Sunday School. Its first traces are to be found in January, 31st, 1862, when "Mr. Hansel read a letter from Mr. Tyng to Bishop Whitehouse relating to the establishment of a Parish in lower Peoria, and the Bishop's answer referring the matter to the vestry of St. Paul's Church. Mr. Hansel offered a resolution that it was not expedient to take all of the money raised by St. Paul's Sunday School to support a parish or rector in lower Peoria, which after discussion was withdrawn, it not being seconded."

Then in the May following (entry of which is inserted later in end of 1863): "Whereas, the teachers of the Sunday School have petitioned this vestry to select a minister to take charge of their mission in lower Peoria. Therefore, resolved that the Rv. W. M. A. Broadnax be cordially invited to take

charge of that work. Resolved, that while this vestry will be in no manner responsible for his salary or support, they will by electing him assistant minister . . . do all they can to encourage the work . . .” This missionary work grew and grew, like Mr. Finney’s turnip, through the succeeding years, bringing into the life of St. Paul’s C. J. Off, one of her staunchest supporters in the years to come, one who did not sleep in her hour of Gethsemane, long vestryman, succeeding Mr. Griswold as Senior Warden.

That the children at this time did sit with their parents in Church was true in some instances, as I can personally testify. I have but to close my eyes now and I can see Mr. Tyng up in the chancel with his eyes closed and swaying backward and forward in occasional moments of inspiration. This eye closing in Church is a habit I find hard to overcome. But Harry Bestor is responsible for the assertion that there was one time in every service when all eyes were open and expectant. He claims that one of the looked-for moments in St. Paul’s was when Mr. Carlyle—he was an Englishman and constant in attendance—took out his handkerchief. Every eye was turned his way and every ear alert. After the explosion the service continued. Are we to find in such memories traces of why the famous order concerning the children was issued? Or in their efforts to train up a child the way he should go were the wise men of the congregation looking through the wrong end of the telescope?

Speaking of memories and telescopes. St. Paul’s starred on the stage in these years of the war. Rouse’s Hall, which holds in its records more of the story of Peoria up to recent years than any other spot in the town, never saw such fairs as St. Paul’s Church produced. These fairs were undertaken for all sorts of purposes—to aid the soldiers, to help the Sunday School in raising money for missions, and for any kind of thing that needed money. The parish record, so far as I can find, makes mention of a fair only a few times. The first one has already been described; the last one mentioned was proposed in 1870. But in the memories of the parishoners very few events stand out more prominently. It is one of the first things mentioned when questions about the past are

started. "Yes, yes, St. Paul's was very flourishing. They gave the best fairs ever held in Peoria."

There is an uncertainty about the names of the various rectors, but the "Lathrop girls always served the coffee." Mr. Ellis was an earnest, conscientious worker on the vestry, constant in attendance both at services and committee meetings, but in the memory of one parishoner he existed principally as one who objected to the fairs because in his opinion they sapped the strength of the Church. I warrant that the Old Testament temple is obliterated in more than one memory by the glories of the temple that occupied the center of the floor in Rouse's Hall, full of beautiful dolls; and the magnificence of an article called an "Afghan" made of gorgeous colored worsted and costing—no, selling, for as much as \$125.00 has never ceased to dazzle the imagination of one who only heard about it. \$1000.00 was no unusual return for one such fair, and it is to the credit of the Sunday School that one of its scholars—H. C. Bestor, then twelve or thirteen years old—made all of \$50.00 alone. He was a nature lover and filled a tent with his pets, all kinds of birds and animals. To see the white mice let into a playhouse and run over and under furniture and rock in rocking chairs, or to watch the birds come at call to perch on Harry's finger, was a drawing card. I wonder if one Sunday School scholar today could round up \$50.00 in one week's missionary enterprise. But of course entertainments were few compared to the bewildering number of the present time.

An amusing story is told in connection with one of our fairs. Alec, son of A. G. Tyng, delighted to tell it. He was helping out at the candy booth when one of the young men of the Church, who later became a prominent and powerful factor in Church matters, came along with a young lady on his arm, smiling and genial. "Well, Ecky, selling candy? Now, let me see. I vill take ten cents vorth of beppermint drops," then turning to the lady, graciously, "Vhat vill you take von dime's vorth of?" In after years his dimes had grown to thousands of dollars for the Church.

Besides the fairs, successful lectures were put on, the Church showing its standing on the liquor question by bringing John B. Gough, the famous temperance lecturer of the past, more fantastic and extreme than Billy Sunday ever dared be . . . Conservative St. Paul's—the same Church that was “too proud to fight,” to march in a civic Sunday School parade today.* Whatever difference exists between St. Paul's standard of that day and this, there is no doubt that they were proud of their standing then—proud and prosperous.

But there were troubles, too. The Rev. J. M. Wait, under whose rectorship St. Paul's became so flourishing, he who at the outset of the war sent off his parishoner, Captain Dennison, to give his life for the Union, sending on that occasion his earnest prayer to God to inspire and protect the soldiers in their country's cause. This minister of the Gospel, leader of St. Paul's, was so far conservative a Churchman as to belong to that class of clergymen who believed in the institution of slavery. There were many such in the country then, especially among the democrats; and Mr. Wait was a democrat. There were other prominent members of St. Paul's who were democrats but not of this type. Whatever Mr. Wait lacked in character it was not courage, so he talked as he felt. You can imagine the result. By some he was dubbed a copperhead, though unjustly; and so high ran public censure, that he and his family were almost ostracized at the time. The late Mrs. Ulrichson described how she and another parishoner called on them at one time when Mr. Wait was called out of town

* A city-wide Sunday School demonstration was made about 1913, to show the people of the city what a large and earnest portion of the population were enlisted in upholding the moral tone of the city; and it was a monster parade, astonishing the entire community. Missing from the ranks were all the Roman Catholics; and our own Sunday School was represented by only a small class or two and the superintendent. The Roman Catholics were not willing to unite in a religious movement under Protestant auspices, or were not invited, and the dominating element in St. Paul's shied, probably as much from pride as anything else, not wanting to mix in a showy parade any more than in a revival. The memory of our flunk was still galling when this was written, and Wilson's “too proud to fight” had just been uttered. It seemed appropriate to draw the contrast between the Protestant attitude of St. Paul's in the 1860's and a half century later; and this note makes possible another comparison with 1928, all marking changes of feeling.

and found Mrs. Wait very ill and her two children suffering for attention, no one having entered the house for many days.

However faulty Mr. Wait's opinion upon slavery might be or unfortunately outspoken he was, and however severe the sentiment against him at the time, his personality and his sterling character were such as to win a high testimonial from the vestry. It seems that one of their number had undertaken to stir up the parishoners to ask for the removal of the Rector. In answer to this we find under date April 28th, 1863, the following resolution adopted: "Whereas Mr. ———, a member of the vestry of St. Paul's Parish, has been using his influence among the members of the Church for the removal of the Rector, Rev. J. M. Wait, without the authority or sanction of this body, thereby tending to create dissensions in the Church and to impair the influence of the Rector for good; Therefore, Resolved that we tender to the Rev. J. M. Wait the assurance of our strong and abiding appreciation and we pledge to him our most cordial and united efforts in promoting the worth and efficiency of this parish, as long as he shall continue to be its Rector." Then followed immediate acceptance of the resignation of the discredited vestryman. The following year, however, the critical condition of Mrs. Wait's health made it necessary to seek a better climate. So, "August 23d, 1864 . . . after affectionate parting remarks by the Rev. J. M. Wait meeting adjourned."

But the heaviest blow fell when one year later W. A. Willard died: "July 20th, 1865 . . . Whereas, it has pleased God in His wise providence . . . we desire to place upon the permanent records of this body some expression of the great loss we have sustained as a Church and individually in the death of one who as Secretary and Treasurer so long and faithfully looked after the interests of this parish and to whose energy and care her present pecuniary prosperity is greatly due, and who by his earnest Christian life has endeared himself to all connected with him . . . Resolved . . ." This is the first entry of its kind upon St. Paul's records. There have been many others since as earnestly felt and as worthily won. One other at least there might have been but for the unhappy schism.

Yet, before we pass this boundary line, I would say somewhat about the seven years of plenty—the heyday of St. Paul's. "February 11th, 1864 . . . on motion of the secretary, Messrs. Ulrichson and Tyng were appointed a committee to investigate about building a lecture and Sabbath School room on the back side of the Church . . . Mr. Geo. Field moved that the Rector's salary be increased from \$1200 to \$1400 . . . Carried." January 11th, 1865, they went up another step. "Resolved that the vestry of St. Paul's Church extend a call to the rectorship of this Church to the Rev. W. H. Roberts . . . and that he be given a salary of \$1500.00. . . . Carried." August 7th, same year, they soared. "Resolved that we have a new organ at a cost of \$2000.00," and the ladies are again invited to assist. And not to hide their light under a bushel: "Resolved that Mr. Griswold have a lamp post with lamp placed on the sidewalk in front of the Church." St. Paul's was bound to be in the limelight.

With the going of the old organ went much dear to the hearts of the old people. This organ was in the gallery over the old Church entrance, a picturesque doorway flanked by two small turrets and used principally then by the occupants of the extreme front pews and the choir. The organ gallery was reached by a little stairway much appreciated by at least two members of the choir. In fact one young lady of those days said that it was the occasion of much bewilderment to her for a long time. This was when the Raymond girls, both beautiful singers, soprano and alto, delighted the congregation with their voices. My informant stated that sitting where she could see the entrance spoken of and the singers in the gallery as well, her curiosity was aroused as to where George Bacon and Emma Raymond disappeared so regularly during the sermon. One day, however, she just happened to discover the secret of the stairs.

It was but a short time after Emma Raymond became Mrs. Geo. Bacon that she climbed the stairs to paradise alone. Miss Crawley remembers how at that time St. Paul's people spoke with awe, of how the last Sunday she ever sang, it was to thrill them with a solo: "I would not live away." So with the going of the old organ, and the coming of the new came

new singers into the choir, Mrs. Frank Field and her brother, Mr. Chas. Kellogg. May 28th, 1866, the budget for the choir was as follows:

Mrs. Frank Field, soprano.....	\$200.00
Mr. Chas. Bacon, tenor.....	125.00
Mrs. Geo. F. Bacon, alto.....	125.00
Mr. Geo. F. Bacon, organist.....	275.00
Organ blower.....	50.00
	<hr/> \$950.00

On the same date the Rector's salary was increased to \$2000.00. Surely this was peacock season for St. Paul's. The town flocked to hear Mrs. Field's wonderful voice. She was idolized, adored, and St. Paul's grew apace. The Rector, W. H. Roberts, was one to fit the mould thus set. A typical gentleman, handsome, urbane, gentle in voice and manners, immaculate in dress, he fairly glittered—at one time dubbed St. Paul's gold-headed minister. He had been presented with a gold headed cane by his admirers and was in tune with St. Paul's Parish at the time and with the particular ritual demanded. Would he have dared to wear a large gold cross, think you? No, not then, not he. A certain minister from Quincy, a Mr. Corbet, preached a ritualistic sermon one Sunday and poor Mr. Roberts spent all day Monday calling on the irate, such as Dr. Rouse and Judge Cochran, and smoothing them over—nice warm flat iron. Yet, Mr. Roberts was something else. He was a sincere Christian and Churchman, and he suffered humiliation many times, hoping to stem the trouble that even then it was plain enough to see was surely coming. Starchy as he was, he was hardly stiff enough to hold his own. He made a great struggle in 1868 when the project of a new Church building to house the growing congregation was started; but in 1869 he presented his resignation, and stood from under. In order to show what was a prosperous condition then the annual report made on Easter of that year is here inserted:

1868, APRIL		Easter offering.....	85.30
To Balance on Hand.....	\$ 624.20	Indigent clergy offering...	35.00
Cash received for pew rent	3570.23	Domestic mission offering.	15.20
Communion alms for year.	179.70		<hr/>
			\$4509.63

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Paid Rector's salary.....	\$2000.00
Choir to date.....	826.15
Sexton to date.....	274.00
Gas bills for year.....	77.66
Small bills paid.....	27.50
Coal bills.....	65.70
Insurance, church & organ	55.00
Bills for repairs on church	
and new furnace.....	272.35
C. Ulrichson's bill.....	54.00
Sunday School books.....	79.91
Sunday School festival....	38.50
Christmas greens for same	
and to labor for decorat-	
ing church.....	83.95
Rector—Alms from offer-	
ing used.....	69.00

Foreign Missions.....	25.00
Domestic Missions.....	25.00
Rev. P. Chase for Normal.	68.10
Rev. Mr. Spalding.....	15.00
Bill of Prayer Book.....	8.85
Industrial School.....	75.00
Indigent clergy.....	35.00
Rev. C. De Wolf at Mar-	
sailles.....	25.00
Convention due.....	180.00
Balance due on purchase of	
lot of Toby.....	111.50
Bill wire.....	11.60
Balance.....	5.86
	<hr/>
	\$4509.63

You will note the item of Christmas greens, \$83.95; and it may be of interest to know that mention of Christmas decorations is found at other times, the first, November 30th, 1863: "Mr. Field, Mr. Griswold, and Mr. Willard be appointed a committee to investigate if evergreens could be obtained and the expense, with power to get them if in their judgment the expense would not be too much. Carried." And November, 1868: "After prayers, the Rector stated that the object of the meeting was to ascertain if the vestry thought it advisable to have a fair. And after discussing the matter it was decided not to have one at present. The rector then proposed that there be some one appointed to procure evergreens for the purpose of dressing the Church at Christmas. On motion of Mr. Tyng, seconded by Mr. Blakesley, Mr. Griswold was appointed to attend to it. On motion the meeting adjourned."

Here you have a most excellent sermon on prayer—here is something healthy to think about. The meeting is called to propose a fair. But after prayer there is discussion. Somehow the coming birthday of Our Lord must have entered into someone's heart through that prayer. Someone must have spoken full of Churchly thoughts. The world-like fair is lost in the better feeling—and a real Church gathering will take its place. I am glad to know that Mr. Griswold was the father of the Christmas decorations. Perhaps there was that in this splendid man that, in spite of his apparent freedom from

artistic talents, made decorations as well as music always good. Perhaps it was the father spirit in him.

While the \$83.95 worth of evergreens are hardly needed to keep his memory green, there was enough to bring a mass meeting of parishoners out to work them into garlands. The big brick Church was full of joyous people. Then as now the choir must have been practising at the same time. The smell of the fresh greens, the little groups of bright workers full of gay Christmas spirit, a wand of good will touching every heart, the music pervading all with the tenderness of "Silent Night" or the glory of "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing"—who that has known it can ever forget it?

One other thing of interest happened before Mr. Roberts left. It didn't get on the records, but it did into the Church. Mr. Ulrichson, who was a Church-builder in more ways than one, helped Mr. Roberts to do the most daring thing he ever attempted—they constructed an altar—an altar! And three steps high. Mr. Tyng and others were shocked, outraged, when they heard of it. But Mr. Ulrichson was too much for them. In the dead of night, Saturday night, while the enemy slumbered, the deed was done. There was a row—it is impossible to spell it correctly. It was enough to have raised Mr. Roberts' hair on end if it hadn't been a wig. But he held on with his teeth and stuck to his act if not to St. Paul's. He compromised, however, by deducting one step—he had to, the chancel was too small.

CHAPTER III.

PRE-SCHISM.

Before entering into the zone of the coming schism, a better and fairer understanding can be obtained if we take into consideration the character and motives of the men most directly involved—so far as a careful study of the situation discloses. But a word of caution about these estimates of character. In no case must they be taken as true estimates because they are only partial. Only such points of character are used as may be helpful in accounting for the causes of Church crises, or in recreating the atmosphere of the times without unnecessary bitterness. Other points of these same characters, whether good or bad, except as they may have a bearing on this story are purposely omitted. Because most information of this kind comes from prejudiced sources, I have tried to make the presentation of the case for whoever comes under our censure the best possible, giving praise where it is due. Such a course is not only just, but will emphasize the errors made and show how insidious is the temptation to such error.

The first one to consider, naturally, is the man who, so far as St. Paul's is concerned, was the leader in the revolt. For over twenty years A. G. Tyng had given his best to the service of St. Paul's. How much he was to the Church previous to the war has been told already. The success of the Sunday School can be attributed mostly to his genius as manager combined with the efficiency of his wife and her family. I can remember once when in his employ receiving a reprimand for slackness followed by this statement: "In business I give my mind to business only. On Sunday my whole thought is given to Church and Sunday School and nothing else." And, as far as I could see, that was true.

Not satisfied with the flourishing mission established in the then lower end not far from the site of the Douglas School, he kept urging Church extension until the Cumberland Presbyterian Church on Monson Street, then abandoned, was taken over and a clergyman installed, the Rev. John Benson, the

same previously mentioned as holding a service in the first home of the infant Church. This mission soon became a flourishing parish known as St. John's Church; and it was my privilege to live under Mr. Benson's charge for several years and to be presented for Confirmation by him in his little Church building. Here, safe in the wise care of this loyal Churchman, a nucleus was formed that was to supply much backbone for the mother Church in her pending struggle. Bread cast upon the waters. Here follow excerpts from the record showing the work of Mr. Tyng in this matter:

Oct. 15th, 1866. Mr. Tyng in behalf of com. on Church extension appointed at last meeting made report of proceedings on the subject. Stated proposition on behalf of Trustees of Pres. Ch. which being subject to approval of their Synod was not definite and the matter was laid over for the present. After considerable discussion informally of the whole subject of Church extension, it was moved and carried that the meeting adjourn until Monday evening 22 inst. Meeting is adjourned.

S. WILKINSON, Clerk of Vestry.

Oct. 22d, 1866. Mr. Tyng on behalf of com. on Church extension made report of definite proposition of the Trustees of Pres. Ch. on Monson Street offering the same to the vestry of St. Paul's for one year upon condition that the vestry make the necessary repairs. Mr. Tyng moved that the vestry accept the proposition, which being seconded, was after a full and free discussion of the proposed extension of the services of the Church in the city, unanimously adopted . . . Mr. Tyng moved that a clergyman be called as an assistant minister of St. Paul's Parish, who shall hold services in the place provided for that purpose and labor under the direction of the Rector and Vestry of St. Paul's Parish, and that he be paid a salary of One Thousand dollars per annum, which motion was carried.

In this same meeting occurs an entry that is interesting: "On motion of Mr. Seabury, the Rector was authorized to procure 2 new surplices to be used in the Church." No Altar Guild. No Woman's Guild. No St. Elizabeth's Guild. Was the P. E. Sewing Society dormant? It is said by one of our present members that when Mr. Bonham, the successor of

Mr. Roberts, arrived, his wife fired questions at her first callers about various parochial organizations, was horrified and indignant at our lack of the same, and succeeded in stirring up considerable feeling on the subject. Imagine the consternation such criticism would cause the comfortable and delightful social "Ladies' Society" that, according to another informant, used to gather at the Tower and be taken around to one another's houses in a hack to sew and, perhaps, to gossip.

Mr. Tyng also was one of the foremost workers in the Y. M. C. A. movement all his life, but especially energetic and thorough during the war and at the front among the soldiers in camp. He had a natural distaste for anything or anyone that hindered action. A leader, forceful and successful, believing in himself, with much reason, for others believed in him, having as one of his mottoes: "Business and business only in business hours; Religion and religion only on Sunday," one can see how unmercifully he would hammer the nail on the head regardless of the split in the wood that spread from side to side as he forced it in. Up to his eyes in the work of spreading the Gospel as he understood it along the highways and byways, is it any wonder that he should grow impatient of the criticisms of his methods by his conservative colleagues, or of the restraint of ecclesiastic scruples? One might fancy him saying: "Give me souls in the congregation rather than steps to the altar." I am much inclined to believe that, after all, ritualism was not such a red rag to him as some have stated, because the altar remained, and though Mr. Ulrichson furnished a green altar cloth, a red one was voted by Mr. Tyng himself. "January 11th, 1868 . . . On motion of Mr. Tyng, seconded by Mr. Hopkins, an appropriation was made of One Hundred dollars the same to be placed in the hands of the Rector to procure a crimson altar cloth.

Mr. Tyng might have taken kindly many such innovations had his own ideas been appreciated more. But even mild Mr. Roberts must come poking his gold headed cane into Sunday School matters, investigating the library, so abundantly supplied with Moody and Sankey tracts and story books. I don't know how many of us children were brought up on "I want

to be an angel," but as that is a song with the doctrine submerged in music it hasn't counted very much. However, to stories with questionable doctrine or insufferable nonsense and no Church teachings even Mr. Roberts must object. Now, this was interference with something dear to the heart of the superintendent; what more might be done to curtail the work so phenomenally successful? So it came about, as previously stated, that Mr. Roberts, not waiting to use it as a club, carried his goldheaded cane elsewhere, and under the sway of the Evangelical club peace reigned again. Except that others of St. Paul's found their way over to St. John's.

And now new men were coming to the front: C. B. Allaire was licensed as lay reader, heretofore Mr. Tyng had been the only one, I believe—whether licensed or not I never knew. Bishop Whitehouse apparently was taking more notice of St. Paul's. The ground was not exactly rocking but cracks were showing. Mr. Allaire was of strong character and much energy, with a bulldog tendency to hold on; and, having gotten his foot in in Church matters, he stayed and always had his say. His voice was pitched just a trifle higher than Mr. Tyng's, not that I know of any time when there was a tongue test—indeed, Mr. Tyng's gentle manners were prohibitive of any such.

H. R. Woodward, father of our late Junior Warden, H. J. Woodward, who was Junior Warden 1914 till his death, April 15th, 1917, was another one of those to range himself along with the Bishop, also a new man on the vestry, active, assertive, full of business acumen, with Church of England antecedents but American daring, not easily pushed but ready to work, and a force to be counted on in emergency.

Besides these men, who knew not Joseph, was that rock of a man, Matthew Griswold, who possessed all the good qualities ascribed to *Old Dog Tray*. So 1870 found our vestry as follows: Tyng, Senior Warden; Griswold, Junior Warden; Brotherson, Hopkins, Ulrichson, Thurlow, Woodward, Ellis, Seabury and Bissell, vestrymen. These men were in charge when, August 29th, 1870, Mr. Bonham was called, Mr. Allaire displacing Hopkins the following year. Curiously enough, the record of this date shows that Mr. Bonham's name was pre-

sented by Mr. Tyng in consequence of letters he had received and it was up on a recommendatory letter from Mr. Hopkins that he was called.

These two men surely caught their Tartar then. They could blame no one but themselves. No coercion on the part of the Bishop here, not even a dominant ritualistic faction in the vestry. Forty odd years later came into use the word they wanted—"stung." For Mr. B. was a headstrong, brilliant whirlwind of a man. He came into the field with plow and harrow, and ideas as well. Between Mr. Roberts' departure and his arrival there had been an interim of thirteen months during which there had been lay reading, and temporary supply by a Mr. Coe, a mild sort of clergyman whose ministry supported the parish in a limping way. Consequently, the vestry were ready to welcome Mr. Bonham heartily and take almost any direction he chose to drive. He began on the music. By this time the splendid choir had changed materially: Mrs. Geo. Bacon had died, her husband, the organist, and Mrs. Field withdrawn, and substitutes were hard to find and constantly changing. This gave Mr. Bonham an opportunity to put into motion one of his pet ideas.

January 16th, 1871 . . . The subjects of Sexton, music, etc., were discussed, the Rector offering many valuable suggestions. The Rector recommended that the congregation meet one evening each week at the Church for the purpose of practicing new chants and tunes, and suggesting that Mr. Tyng confer with Mr. Chas. Bacon in regard to such rehearsals . . . The Rector recommended having a special meeting for the children of the parish at certain intervals with need of drilling them in music also.

This must have sidetracked Mr. Griswold's career on the music committee. It would have been like his loyal spirit to have attended the rehearsals just the same. But whether anything of that kind upset Mr. Bonham and his plans is not of record. Only very little if anything developed in this musical effort, so far as I can learn. It may have been a blood and turnip proposition. This matter of music is a hard one to trace. Ask several old parishoners today to give from memory

the names of St. Paul's singers and organists of the past seven or eight years in consecutive order and with the dates of their services and see how they will agree. Notwithstanding scanty record and contradictory statements, I have deduced some positive facts of interest on this subject.

Among the well remembered voices in the old brick Church not yet mentioned are Miss Lucy Greene (Mrs. C. B. Allaire) and Mr. Patten. Mr. Patten became more famous as Uncle Joe in the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," and his slight stutter, which was unnoticed in singing, was what won the hearts of the thousands that crowded Rouse's Hall for two weeks. They loved him as they hated that other wonderful actor, Noble Huggins, whose faithful portrayal of a merciless Confederate officer made his life uncertain every evening that patriotic play was rendered. But however high passion rose in the theatre, Patten was sure to soften it with his happy stutter. It is not on record that the Church ever benefited from his voice as much or the schism never could have started.

Another man was a "Mann," by the way, who came all the way from Germany to play St. Paul's organ. At least he was organist during part of Mr. Bonham's ministry here and probably before. He really did come to America to hear an organ; but it was in St. Louis in the Roman Cathedral there and its renown was world wide. Professor Mann had a sister in Peoria and drifted here, was considered one of the finest musicians ever in Peoria; and St. Paul's, always out for the finest, secured him and played him off before the public for a while, Mr. Matthew Wilkinson succeeding him.

The first boy singer also is recorded in Mr. Bonham's time, a Master Walter Davis. He is remembered just as a soprano in Mr. Roberts' time, where, with the assistance of two soap boxes, he ranked with three other male voices for a while. In the record just referred to he had become an alto at \$50.00 a year, the same price as the organ blower, as before tabulated. The work was easier, however. I know, for I have been blower myself—one Sunday, anyway, when the motor failed—and found it almost as hard to keep up with the choir as a few select singers do now sometimes. I know why they call him a blower, too.

Speaking of blowing, It should be of interest to our present Rector to know that the first parish herald was successfully launched by Mr. Bonham. "April 17th, 1871 . . . Whereas, our Rector, the Rev. J. W. Bonham, has for the past four months published chiefly at his own expense a monthly paper entitled the *St. Paul's Parish Guide*; and, whereas, the vestry believes the object of said paper to be a spiritual guide for the members of the congregation and Sunday Schools of St. Paul's Parish, Resolved . . . that the vestry appropriate the sum of \$25.00 per month toward defraying the expense" I wonder if any copy of this paper is in existence?

Another innovation is recorded January 16th, 1871, which was the entering wedge of a reform that was to be of great moment in the far future. "Mr. Tyng moved that the rector invite the congregation to special meeting with view of getting a general expression on the subject of having the Sunday evening service advertised to be *free to all*. Carried"*

It is to be inferred that Mr. Bonham did not drive along the way of innovations only, but must have occasionally rooted up and turned over old things as well. Once before, as related, trouble had occurred but explanations omitted on the record. Again this was to happen but not end so happily.

And now we are on the brink of the schism, but this brink has a sloping edge. April 17th, 1871, eight months after his coming to St. Paul's, Rev. J. H. Bonham, though enjoying a salary of \$3000.00 and the evident support of the vestry, with characteristic suddenness tendered his resignation unheralded and unexplained, except for the sentence: "For the welfare of the parish it may be desirable not to require me at present to give any reasons for this step." After Mr. Tyng (in the chair) had read the letter, he stated: "That as the Rector in his communication assigned no reasons for resigning, that before acting upon his resignation he thought it desirable that the Rector be present. He therefore moved that a committee be appointed to wait upon Rev. Mr. Bonham and invite him to attend the meeting. Carried. The Chair appointed Messrs.

* Revenue for support of the Church was obtained by renting pews at this time and not exchanged for our present system until many years later.

Brotherson and Seabury said committee, who waited on the Rector and informed him of the wishes of the vestry. The Rector declined attending, giving satisfactory reasons for so doing. Mr. Tyng asked permission to address the vestry for a few minutes to make a personal explanation. Granted. Mr. Tyng then tendered to the vestry his resignation as Senior Warden, stating reasons for doing so, and thereupon withdrew from the meeting."

Here follows resolutions of appreciation of Mr. Bonham's value to the vestry, congregation and Church, with request that he reconsider, which he did. What had happened that made it impossible for Mr. Bonham and Mr. Tyng to work together? What either of them said to the vestry is unrecorded here. But there are those living who can remember circumstances that throw some light on the matter. Mr. Bonham was a man who prided himself on things Churchly. When he accepted the call to St. Paul's it was on the understanding that every Church activity should be subject to his approval. He found fault at once with the leaflets used in the Sunday School, also with the tracts distributed by the ladies.

Immediately he started to organize the workers of the Church. He districted the city among them and proceeded to compose and have printed tracts of spiritual structure and Churchly tone. Before these were ready some of the evangelical type still on hand were hurriedly distributed in the lower end of town in the mission school district. Mr. Bonham heard of it while it was in the doing and went to the house of one of the parishoners thus engaged. When she came home with a few of the offending tracts in her hands she opened her door to be met by the austere minister.

"May I see those papers? Have you been distributing these, and against my wishes?"

We can imagine his powerful voice booming with his rising indignation. "Madam, you are undermining my work!"

We can see her trembling, terrified, chagrined—one of the best hearted of all the splendid workers in St. Paul's. She told of it herself. Do you wonder that Mr. Tyng resigned his position as Sunday School superintendent? Do you wonder that Mr. Bonham sent in his resignation without reasons?

If you have read what has so far been told, you can begin to estimate the forces that were oiling the slippery edge that offered to the merest push. The chair that the Senior Warden was occupying needed the slightest tilting to unseat him. The question is, who pushed, who tilted, Mr. Bonham or Mr. Tyng himself, or both? The result, however, was that Mr. Tyng abdicated and Mr. Bonham ruled in his stead. They were truly incompatible. It meant something to the strange minister who had come to take charge of the Church in Peoria; it meant more to St. Paul's; it meant most to Mr. Tyng.

Very few of us probably can realize all the heartache and despondency that must have been his lot. All his life given to one purpose, unstintingly given,—and his work is taken from him. What if it was his own fault? He didn't know it; how could he? All earnest energy and devoted effort, he gambled on what he thought a righteous stand, and lost. It was to him paralysis. Some men could have slipped back into the ranks. He undoubtedly tried to. But it is hard to be dead, while your mind and your heart and your soul are alive. I feel it necessary to dwell at large on this character, for he is the hinge on which the fortunes of the schism hung. He sat in his pew and heard Mr. Bonham preach the dominating power of the Church. He felt the pressure of that power. He felt it as it sought to crush his friend, Charles E. Cheney of Christ Church, Chicago. Bishop Whitehouse became to him an oppressor of the freedom of religious life and worship. He believed that Christ was being crucified anew on the heavy cross of Ritualism, ever growing heavier and more glaring.

Am I putting it too strong? Try to realize how it would have seemed to you were you in his place endowed with his feelings and prejudices. How long would you have sat in your pew and worshipped? Two years and six months? And would you have subscribed \$1000.00 towards the \$11,000.00 asked for a new building that would in all probability contain appointments for more extensive ritualistic ceremonies. Would you? He did, and paid it. When you begin to judge the man, think of this.

Mr. Bonham was the first minister in charge of St. Paul's to take the Eastward position in service, also the first to

abandon the black silk gown, making no change at all in his vestments. It is strange that this abandonment of form should have stirred up feeling in evangelical circles. It shows only impatience of change. But one change this part of the parish appreciated, viz.: the departure of Mr. Bonham in October of 1871. What the vestry thought of him, however, is of record:

July 11th, 1871 . . . Resolved, that it is with the deepest regret this vestry is forced to accept the resignation of the Rev. J. W. Bonham. Resolved, that during the short term of one year under his rectorship our parish has received through God's grace incalculable benefits from his sound teachings, his untiring zeal and devotion to his ministry as to endear him to our hearts.

As far as the evangelical part of the Parish was concerned, it was out of the frying pan into the fire.

In December the Rev. J. S. Townsend came to take charge, and while it does not appear on record, Mr. Off is responsible for the statement that Mr. Townsend stipulated that if he came the vestry were to stand by him if any disagreement arose between himself and Mr. Tyng in Church affairs.

For what of interest they contain and because they are the last official records of the vestry for many years thereafter that can be found, I hereby copy them *in toto*, three in number.

Dec. 11, 1871. Present: M. Griswold and C. B. Allaire, Wardens; C. Ulrichson, O. P. Bissell, B. F. Ellis, H. R. Woodward, J. Thurlow, C. Seabury, Vestrymen.

Meeting called to order by Sr. Warden and proceeded to business. The Treasurer, Mr. Bissell, handed in the following report of finances:

Pew rent due Aug. to Nov., '71....	\$145.50	
Pew rent due Nov. to Feb., '72....	369.25	
		<hr/> \$514.75
Amt. note due Bank.....	\$ 88.87	
Bal. cash in Savings Bank.....	\$ 56.05	
Bal. cash in Zell, H. & Co.....	74.47	
		<hr/> \$120.52

On motion of Mr. Ellis, the treasurer was requested to notify delinquents offertory fund of the balance due the Parish.

On motion of Mr. Woodward the chair appointed the following committee to arrange for decorating church for Christmas: Messrs. Woodward, Allaire and Ulrichson.

On motion the vestry decided to send a carriage to the residence of M. Griswold to be placed at the disposal of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Townsend.

Mr. Ulrichson offered the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted: Resolved that the Rev. J. W. Townsend be offered a

salary of \$3000.00 per year payable quarterly in advance. Resolved the wardens and vestrymen will exert their influence with the congregation to procure such repairs and remodeling of St. Paul's Church building as in their opinion will be entirely satisfactory to and meet the wishes of their rector.

Mr. Woodward moved that the treasurer be authorized to pay the amount pledged to St. Mary's School by St. Paul's Parish, viz.: (\$50.00) Fifty dollars.

Mr. Allaire moved that the committee on music discharge the "Blower" for the organ and that they arrange with the sexton to fill that position.

Moved that the chair appoint gentlemen from the vestry to act as ushers. The following were appointed: 1st Sunday—H. R. Woodward, P. R. K. Brotherson; 2nd Sunday—C. B. Allaire, Jas Thurlow; 3rd Sunday—B. F. Ellis, Chas. Seabury; 4th Sunday—Chas. Ulrichson, O. P. Bissell.

Mr. Allaire moved that the chair appoint a committee of two to confer with the present heirs of St. Paul's Church property and if possible to secure from them a clear title to the same. Carried. Chair appointed the following: Mr. P. R. K. Brotherson, C. B. Allaire.

On motion of Mr. Woodward, vestry adjourned.

C. SEABURY, Secretary.

Jan. 22d, 1872. Present: The Rector, Messrs. Griswold, Allaire, Thurlow, Brotherson, Ulrichson. The Secretary being absent, Mr. Allaire was chosen secretary *pro tem*. A letter was read and plans exhibited from Mr. Ellwood of Aurora for the alteration of the Church, which were informally examined and discussed by the members of the vestry.

Mr. Ulrichson moved that the facing of the walls of the clear story be of brick instead of wood as estimated in the plans, which motion was unanimously carried.

Mr. Griswold moved that the main entrance be made to correspond in style with the balance of the building. Carried. The Rector was requested to ascertain from Mr. Ellwood if he still adheres to his original estimate of \$11000.00 as the maximum cost of the proposed improvements. If he would contract for the work, also what his charge would be for the plans and specifications.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

C. B. ALLAIRE, Secretary *pro tem*.

Jan. 30, 1872. The vestry met at the residence of the Sr. Warden. Present: The Rector, Messrs. Griswold, Allaire, Thurlow. There being no quorum no organization could be effected.

A general discussion of the affairs of the Church was indulged in. It was agreed by those present that they approved of the plans for the alteration of the Church; that Mr. Townsend be requested to have the architect complete them.

Mr. Brotherson was requested to provide offertory envelopes to the subscribers to that fund.

Mr. Allaire presented a verbal proposition from Alex. Forderer to collect the pew rents of the Church for three per cent of the amount collected, which was accepted, and the Treasurer requested to give the bills to Mr. Forderer for collection. All of the above was considered subject to the ratification of the next regular meeting of the vestry, the meeting then adjourned.

C. B. ALLAIRE, Secretary *pro tem*.

It is with great regret that I leave this old record that has been such a kindly companion and gossip—a genuine “gossip” in its first meaning, “God father”—leading me conscientiously through the mazes of the Church story, correcting many errors of memory and proving the value of faithful service as well as the limitations of human aspirations. The blank pages at the end of this little volume are pathetic with “the might have been” of the succeeding year, and no blanker than the hopes of the Church in a few short months. For the old building died with the old record.

The Transcript of March 23rd, 1872, gives an elaborate description of the new building. A whole column is given to the details of the structure, which was to cost \$20,000.00 and to be begun as soon as bids were received and accepted.

On August 22d, a local notice calls parishoners to go and get their Bibles and Prayer Books as everything will be removed to the Church of the New Jerusalem offered for our use.

September 4th, an item states the stone to be used will be Kickapoo sandstone.

September 30th, another local appears stating that they have purchased a 50-foot lot in rear of the Church on Monroe Street, giving them a Monroe Street frontage of 117 feet (what relic hunter ran off with most of that added ground? we have only 91 feet now) ; that the Church will set back four feet from Main Street line, that the spire will be built to the top, the first one in the west outside of Chicago. And November 26th, we have another full column elaborately describing the wonderful structure with three entrances, Gothic towers and spires, vaulted roof fifty feet high in the nave, marble columns, with 144 pews seating 700 people, costing \$50,000.00 and to be three years in building. An object lesson to the town forecasting many fine public buildings—just a gorgeous dream.

The article ends with the statement: “The excavation goes on slowly.” I should say it did—a game of hide and bluff had been going on between the vestry and the people for some time. The beautiful mirage held the eyes of the people while they gathered for the last few services in the doomed building. To be sure, the great flat ceiling sagged and plaster loosened

and fell, there was good reason for its condemnation. But it was such a picturesque, impressive structure and the wonderful ivy that covered its walls is too beautiful to be forgotten. Cling though it would it could not put off the evil day.

The wreckers came, the rafters fell, the glaring day broke in where praying folk had kneeled in worship for so many years. Dust and debris covered the aisles where the children marched with banners upon Easter Days, carrying their mite boxes to the chancel rail. Relic hunters carried off broken pieces of wood to make souvenir shelves and wall brackets. The great organ had been taken apart and removed. The two-stepped altar had fared no better, nor the pew where Mr. Griswold fumbled for his cane, nor the one that held Mr. Heading with his old fashioned stock and high collar every Sunday, rain or shine, after his drive in from his country home. These pews and others, piled up and mixed in a scandalous way could their occupants fill them now, await what chance would bring them. This one held the Rouses, this the Rattles, this the Lathrops, and this the Comstocks. Here Dr. Simoneau, there Scandret sat, dapper O. P. Bissell, Dr. Colburn stern and sombre, and quaint old Joel Blakesley—hundred dollar pews and twenty dollar pews, front and back, upholstered and bare, rich and poor and stranger pews, hopelessly mixed as perhaps they will be in the Church Triumphant. Then out of a clear sky came a crippling stroke.

Sometime in the Fall a hurry call from the contractor brought the building committee to the scene. "I am sorry, sir, but it will be impossible to proceed with safety." "What do you mean?" Mr. Townsend felt his responsibility in the matter keenly and was stunned as he listened to the contractor's explanation. The old walls had been put up with narrow footings, insufficient to support the contemplated structure safely. As the Rector stood listening, desperate and disgusted, he saw one of the old time vestry going down the street. He hailed him. "See what a mess we're in. The foundation's not there. We can't go on. Why is it so? Did you know it?"

"Yes, I knew it."

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"You didn't ask me."

"Didn't ask you——?" Then, I am sorry to say it, but Mr. Townsend got mad. There have been some other ministers of St. Paul's Church before and since who have been censured for things said in anger. But I believe no one ever had better reason. St. Paul's prospective Church was as much a wreck as the ruin by his side. His \$3000.00 salary was as shaky as the dismantled walls remaining. So he said things, and as he talked he got madder, for he began to realize that he was talking to one who belonged to that part of his congregation not in sympathy with his Church views, and probably the hole beside him was no more yawning chasm than what threatened the future activity of the Parish under his administration. But, whatever he thought, the fact remains that, notwithstanding vigorous efforts to boost, lack of interest resulted on the part of many; services being held in Rouse's Hall and afterwards the Swedenborgian Church (site of G. A. R. Hall) were poorly attended. Pew rents were in the scrap heap with the pews. Obligations sat lightly on the disaffected and the disappointed. Temporary quarters proved uncomfortable. Any efforts to raise enough now to build the Church as planned from foundation up seemed hopeless. In fact, much of what had been subscribed was cancelled.

By the time 1872 drew to a close it was determined to try on leased ground somewhere and build something to use until such time as the Church might revive sufficiently to rebuild permanently and properly on its own lot. Therefore, early in 1873, the corner of Jefferson and Jackson Streets was leased and a frame building erected. Even then lack of funds made it impossible to build free of debt; and J. C. Proctor Co. was held off for the lumber bill for an indefinite term. The organ was reinstated in this building and a strawberry festival held there June 6th to raise money for upholstering the pews.

Miss Frances Mayo lived next door at that time and the girls and women of the Church found her house as well as herself a great help as always in making arrangements on that occasion. Here it must be said again that those people who were least in sympathy with the rector in his Church

views were still generously active in socials and festivals. They had gotten the habit, and any little thing like Church doctrine or usage couldn't stop them. They were bound to distribute the loaves and fishes whether canonically fit or not.

The ice cream and the strawberries disappeared, water-melon season came and went, also the first State Fair in Peoria, and the great social event of the year, "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh." Thanksgiving passed, never to come again to the same united congregation. Stir-Up Sunday came and passed in apparent but suspicious quiet, few dreaming what Advent was to bring upon the Church.

Had Advent been taught then as now——? But the axe was lifted and nine days before the Feast of the Nativity it fell.



Temporary building erected on Corner of Jefferson and Jackson Sts. 1873
removed 1876 to old Church lot cor. Main and Monroe.
Burned down 1889.

CHAPTER IV.

SCHISM.

December 16th, 1873, the morning papers contained an invitation to those who were in sympathy with the recent evangelical movement to assemble at the Second Presbyterian Church that evening. Mr. Off told how a Mr. Hutchinson of Chicago, a close friend of Mr. Cheney's, urged him to come out that evening, as much of interest would undoubtedly occur.

The Church was well filled, and Bishop Cummins of Kentucky, who had recently resigned his position as assistant bishop there, was the principal speaker. *The Transcript* the morning of the 17th contains a full account of the meeting, and corroborates Mr. Off's statement that Bishop Cummins charged the Church with iniquitous and idolatrous usages, and justified his departure from the fold therefore, denouncing with equal horror the high altars, lights, confessionals and vested choirs, and with the same degree of condemnation that Mr. Bonham used in his assault upon dancing, card-playing, and the theatre; except that Mr. Bonham called them the works of the devil, and Bishop Cummins only implied as much. Mr. Bonham, by the way, had visited Peoria the year before and given a lecture on his visit to Italy, and his experience during the eruption of Vesuvius. How much of hellfire he got into his lecture may be surmised; *The Transcript* states that those who heard him were pleased. Peoria was brought up on hellfire, you know.

But the fire that Bishop Cummins came to start in Peoria, while it was not Vesuvian, was to be a fierce one while it lasted. He called for the formation of a new Church based on Protestant principles and practices such as he favored and believed. Apostolic succession was belittled and the ministry of any Protestant denomination was to be considered as valid as his own. To those of us who believe in the Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church of the Nicene Creed what happened at the meeting after such a speech is hard to believe. And it was not done without misgivings. One of those who attended and afterward joined the reform movement told me that when Mr.

Tyng got up to speak and said: "This is the time to act, to form a new Church in Peoria, here and now," she felt a shock, and that the audience were unnaturally still for a while.

I think I am right in believing that on Mr. Tyng and on him alone depended whether or not St. Paul's Church should be rent asunder at this time. He went on to say that he thought a Church founded on the broad principles enumerated by the bishop would be common ground on which all other denominations could unite and form one complete and glorious Protestant Church. I suppose it was with this idea in mind that the hymns sung that evening were selected. But did they realize what two-edged swords they were handling? "Rock of Ages" and "Blest Be the Tie That Binds"? Time has proved the true meaning of these hymns.

But in justice to those sincere and earnest men and women of St. Paul's who, mistakenly, as we think and as many of them came to believe years after, left the Church of the Ages to form a new one, I wish to reproduce here their reasons and the method of their proceedings from the pen of one who should know most about it. Therefore, I quote from a paper entitled, "Memories of an Old Home," written and read by Mrs. A. G. Tyng, wife of A. G. Tyng, Sr., long Senior Warden of St. Paul's Church, afterwards Senior Warden of Christ (R. E.) Church from its foundation till his death.

"St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church . . . which had gradually under successive rectors changed in the character of its services and preaching until it was hard to recognize its identity with the simple evangelical Church of its beginning. The Senior Warden who had planted the S. S. and had always been superintendent found it difficult to maintain the plain gospel teaching without coming into conflict with the Rector of the Parish. Many of the members pined for 'the old paths' and missed fraternal relations which had existed between our congregation and the surrounding Protestant Churches. The growing tendency to ritualistic additions to our Church service, with the rigid displeasure in high places toward any infringement on the letter of the Church laws or usages, made a feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction prevalent. Those of us who felt moved to active service for the

good of those about us found ourselves hedged in and denounced as disloyal to the Church, and as being 'No Churchmen.'

"The trial and suspension of the Rev. Charles Edward Cheney in Chicago for the omission of certain words in the baptismal service excited much feeling and indignation in our midst; so that when at last Bishop Cummins was censured for his assistance at a communion service during a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, and consequently afterwards resigned his position as Assistant Bishop of Kentucky, it was the final stroke which severed us from allegiance to the old Church of our fathers. When notice was sent out from New York inviting all who desired to meet in convention December 2d, 1873, five names from Peoria were sent forward to unite in laying the foundation for a new Church—an Episcopal Church—differing from the old in its freedom from restrictions dividing us from other Protestant Churches.

"The names thus sent—the first members of the Reformed Episcopal Church in Peoria—were Alex. G. Tyng, P. R. K. Brotherson, Hon. Henry B. Hopkins, Charles F. Bacon and Alex. G. Tyng, Jr. Immediately after the consecration of Bishop Cheney in Chicago, December 14th, 1873, in response to an invitation given by A. G. Tyng, Bishop Cummins came to Peoria to hold evening service. Bishop Cheney accompanied him . . .

"One great feature of our success was our choir, which had long been the best in the city . . . Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Bacon, Mrs. Sophie K. Field, and Mr. Chas. H. Kellogg."

Everything Mrs. Tyng here states is true except possibly in limiting the character of the beginning years of St. Paul's as being that of a "simple evangelical Church." With Bishop Chase as its head, who was a Church and Prayer Book missionary, that is open to question. That Rev. J. W. Cracraft, the first Rector, was of Evangelical trend, and that the form of the service was simple, is perfectly true; nevertheless, the spirit was that of conformity to the laws of the Church and obedience to its bishops and clergy as shown in the first act of its existence: "We . . . do hereby associate ourselves under the name of St. Paul's Parish in communion with the

Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America and *Diocese of Illinois*; the *authority* of whose constitution and *canons* we do hereby recognize and to whose liturgy and mode of worship we promise conformity." (See page 8.) And conformity to that spirit continued to be the habit of the vestry from that time to this. But, as shown in Mrs. Tyng's paper, Mr. Tyng and those of his belief found it hard to keep the form of worship as they desired, or to endure the censure of the Church for resisting changes they disliked. And yet I am tempted to tell here how, unwittingly, as early as Mr. Wait's time, about 1860 or 1861, they admitted auricular confession into St. Paul's Church.

The confessional was in an upper room in the tower; and it was a Sunday School teacher who conducted it. I remember it only too well, being one of the little tots who were told to come next Sunday prepared to tell what wrong things they had been tempted to do during the week and how well they had succeeded in resisting temptation. How I struggled all that week to find something real bad that I might overcome and bring the confession to my teacher. But there was only one thing I could think of, a bad habit I had, and I was ashamed to confess that, even if I overcame it for the week. Yet I wanted to respond to Mrs. Tyng's wishes so much that I went Sunday prepared to tell.

As the others, one by one, recounted their experiences, and received commendation or absolution, as the case might be, I got a feeling that I didn't know then was to be called "cold feet"; and when my time came I was tongue-tied. I couldn't tell, I wouldn't tell; and yet I held my teacher in as much awe and reverence as any priest of the Church in after years, unless it be Rev. John Benson. I have sometimes wondered if she had taken me by myself, would I have told her? But this was not a compulsory confession, merely an earnest request and desire on the part of one we looked up to with implicit trust. And it was Mrs. Tyng and not Bishop Whitehouse who controlled the situation then.

Now it was different. The avalanche of sacerdotalism was imminent and not to be endured. The result, with the mistake of the South only a few years old, was rebellion and secession.

I have not put what I have written right if the reader can not see full and sufficient human provocation for their act. But justification has no alliance with provocation. Had the reform been justified, it would have lived and worked the revolution that it promised. Blinded by prejudice, it sought to withhold the growth of a needed spirituality and failed—failed only in its schismatic purpose. That which was deserving in the individual souls responsible worked for good. God saw to that; and Bacon Mission still attests it.

It will be neither appropriate nor profitable to continue the controversy further. This is a story, not a debate, and it is advisable to show only what happened and how and why, with possibly the reasons why those who remained faithful to St. Paul's in this crisis are deserving of much credit.

In the two and a half years succeeding Mr. Tyng's resignation several changes had occurred in the vestry. Benjamin Cowell, my father, was one of the new men recruited from St. John's to help pull them out of "the pit they had digged for themselves" on the corner of Main and Monroe Streets. Mr. Cowell was one of those men whose sound business sense and energy had not only made him a successful merchant, but was bringing him to the front in civic enterprises. At the time he was called to the vestry, he was bringing the Adams Street Railway into efficient working, being treasurer and practical manager.

I can well remember him in the time of the first State Fair here, holding the entire service up until the order against riding on the car roof was complied with. He took his station on the corner of Main and Adams Streets, and for an hour took the abuse of a constantly increasing, angry crowd that insisted the cars move, rule or no rule. Men and boys would get off the roofs, and when the cars started again would rush it and climb on again, and again the cars would stop on order. He, standing or sitting on the curb, was determined but quiet, except when his voice rang out above the hub-bub, "Stop!" And they stopped. The cars lined up behind each other, and the crowd grew. Mr. Brotherson, president of the Street Car Company and Mayor of the city, as well as a vestryman of St. Paul's, appeared on the scene and, confronted by the crowd,

would have weakened if it had not been for Mr. Cowell, who would not budge an inch. "The rule was a just one and must be obeyed." And it was. The crowd gave it up as hopeless. Never again was that rule broken.

This was the kind of mettle that St. Paul's needed most; not that he ever attempted to keep the parishoners from riding the Church in whatever manner they pleased, canon or no canon. The vestry had enough to do to hold the passengers in and keep the cars on the track. Mr. Cowell was appreciated, however, and would have been invaluable when the crisis came; but he was to meet another crisis than that—and all alone. Two months before the schism came, he died.

The Sunday just preceding the Schism, Bishop Whitehouse had confirmed a class of twelve, one of whom was William Francis Mayo, now of Holy Cross House, N. Y. And while the community was aware of the unsettled condition of ecclesiastical matters, and knew that something was brewing, the actual break came to St. Paul's with a shock difficult for us now to estimate. Throughout the week it was the all-absorbing topic. Friend interviewed friend, "How do you stand?" "What are you going to do?" "Is so-and-so going to stay?" "If the Tyngs and Brothersons and Cockles go, will the Griswolds remain?"

Tense as the religious situation was, the social feeling loomed big. Sunday came and people as they entered the Church looked for the empty pews that once were always occupied. Emptiness never seemed so empty before. One pew, however, held the attention of us all; for surely there were the Cockles, as usual. Was it possible? Were they really going to stay? There were others, too, not so prominent, but still noticeably present despite adverse rumors. But another Sunday came, and the leakage had continued. So week by week it drained, and the Church was full of holes; by some it seemed about worn out, ready to throw away. The Cockles had finally gone, the Colburns, the Hopkinses, the Bacons, the Ellises, the Riggses, the Lathrops, the Crawleys, Mr. Dox and his new bride, and others and still others, all gone, with their gracious manners and winning smiles, their hearty handshakes and

genial welcomes to young and old, their faces and their voices missing. Who of us can estimate the emptiness, the power of the undertow that kept up its pulling towards the schismatic but enthusiastic new Church now forming? All that was pleasant, prosperous and generous seemed to be going there, the popular, the cultured and the fashionable, even the musical were flowing thither. Mrs. Tyng says in her paper: "One great feature of our success was our choir, which had long been the best in the city: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Bacon, Mrs. Sophie K. Field, and Mr. Chas. H. Kellogg."

Poor Mrs. Griswold! Her heart was torn as never before. Her best, dearest friend was Mrs. Tyng. For over twenty years they had been together in everything; and now——. Her daughter tells how she heard the news and came home to cry. Possibly some women know what that can mean. I would not try to picture it, if I could. But hers was not the only deep sorrow, not even the heaviest, perhaps. That fell upon the liveliest, most brilliant member of the Tyng and Brotherson family, the wife of Matthew McReynolds, once of St. Paul's, then a member of St. John's. She took it to heart but met it with the courage of St. Paul; and though her love for her family never slackened, she held steadfast to the Church in word and deed, never condoning one tittle of the wrong they had done. The chasm always yawned between them, bridged only by loving service and devotion to them all. To me she has been the most wonderful triumph of a woman and a Churchman I have ever known, the bravest bearer of the cross, a tongue of fire a pillar of faith never equalled. To her, more than any one else, C. J. Off said he owed his Churchmanship. The late Bishop McLaren of Chicago has said the same, and there are others, many others, in whose hearts she was and is enshrined.

As far as St. Paul's was concerned at this juncture, Mrs. McReynolds' work consisted mostly in having taught Mr. Off the Catechism from the ground up, making him available quantity that was sorely needed. The Church had been depleted by death as well as schism this year. Dr. Rouse finished his labors in St. Paul's and his eighty years of life in April. Mr. Cowell, as stated, died in October, and other vestrymen—

Brotherson, Ellis and Hotchkiss—went out of service either at this time or just previously. So when Christmas came the vestry in its reverses kept pace with the congregation. It has been said, speaking in general terms, that the schism cut off two-fifths of the congregation and half its revenue. What a Christmas present for St. Paul's!

Mr. Griswold said very little, but he buttoned his coat tighter to keep out the chill from his wounded heart (he never wore an overcoat) and stood up against the blizzard, blow as it might. And Mr. Allaire stepped up to toe the mark beside the man he honored as well as for the Church he loved. Mr. Woodward came up with a snap, and Bissell with his set grin. Charlie Seabury didn't have to come up, for he was always there; and as for Joel Blakesley, he being handy and a steady attendant, had drifted into the vestry, just when I can not say, except that it was a lucky day that saw him stranded there. His name must have been the sail that brought him. He came from the country in time to "beat his plowshares into swords." It is only in Joel that the words are used in this sequence. Nobody called him Joel to his face; that, if he should take it wrong, might be dangerous; for he had a dry, sarcastic wit that went with his deep sunken eyes and burly eyebrows, his rasping voice and gritty chuckle, that like as not might make you feel sorry for yourself, had you done so. He looked a rusty nut-cracker of a man—a very useful article this wintry time, as we shall see. And Mr. Townsend, the rector,—well, he had already done the very best thing he could have done a few days before the break.

It happened this way: December 3rd the vestry were called together by the Rector. He had just received the resignation of Mr. Brotherson, and in that morning's *Chicago Tribune* had read a two column account of the formation of the Reformed Episcopal Church in New York, in which occurred the names of Mr. Tyng and Mr. Kellogg as on the standing committee. He had consulted with some of the vestry, and then asked Mr. Off to come to the Church as he wished to see him. Mr. Off said that when he entered the vestry room, Mr. Townsend called out, "Here comes a vestryman of the new Reformed Episcopal Church of Peoria."

"What do you mean?"

Mr. Townsend waved the morning *Tribune* he had in his hand. "What! Haven't you heard the news?"

"I have not!"

We can imagine the short, snappy sound of this reply, we who have heard Mr. Off when he was excited. Then Mr. Townsend read from the *Tribune* enough to enlighten Mr. Off, making comments and asserting the probability of what afterward took place in this city, and ended by saying, "I hold in my hand Mr. Brotherson's resignation from the vestry of St. Paul's; we wish to know if you are willing to step into the place he has vacated."

This may sound a little spectacular; in fact, it was. Mr. Townsend knew that Mr. Off was in large measure a protégé of Mr. Tyng's, that he was at the time in charge of a mission in Wesley City established and carried on by Mr. Tyng as a free lance. Some days before, Mr. Tyng had sounded Mr. Off in a general way in connection with this mission, saying that he wished Mr. Off to continue to take charge there, that after all it made very little difference what Church a man belonged to if he were a good Christian. Of course, in all statements of this kind I suppose the Roman Church was not included in the terms, as only Protestants could qualify as Christians.

There were several other young men of strong character in St. Paul's, all more or less bound by courtesy to the Tyng and Brotherson family, beside Charlie Off, such as Charlie Bacon, Charlie Jamison, and Charlie Kellogg. Of the four Charlies just mentioned, Mr. Townsend went gunning for one, and bagged him. It was "Off" with the old job and on with it too, through the rest of his life, and for the emergency pending he meant more to St. Paul's than would all the other Charlies combined; that is not to disparage the value of any of the others in his way, which was a different way in more senses than one. The others (they are all dead now) were built to hoist sail and go with the wind famously. But Charlie Off was also good on the tack, or the tackle, and there was indeed something to tackle when the winter of 1874 set in.

Bravely Mr. Townsend preached to his checkerboard congregation; to be sure some of the lowly sat in the seats of the elders with perhaps the ambitious feelings of the covetous in

times of revolution. But all in all, there was little shaking up of the pewholders except what they got from the pulpit. And the vacant pews were more dispiriting to both people and minister than natural gaps in golf seasons of today, growing more so Sunday after Sunday. Mat. Wilkinson and the blower did their best to inflate the Church with organ music, and John Rouse, barytone, stood up alone and did his best, and a good best it was, to put some courage into the hearts of the dolorous.

Lent came and found plenty of sackcloth and ashes. Some years afterwards our Church burnt down; but it was never so near dust to dust, ashes to ashes, as at this time. Some have said that \$3000.00 salary got on the nerves of the vestry; a veritable old man of the sea, it kept them from thinking of anything else,—except the lumber bill. It was impossible to pay both. The natural and right thing, they thought and said, was for the Rector to cut his salary; under the circumstances they fully expected he would do this without a word. It is astonishing how we always expect the other fellow to do his duty even if it is unpleasant, and a minister whose place it is to preach duty and self-sacrifice, of course.

Well! Mr. Townsend preached duty on this occasion in an effective way of his own. Certainly he would be as generous as any one of the vestry, even the wealthiest of them. He could ill afford to lose any part of his income, his family was an expensive one, especially on account of an invalid son. He had left a good parish to come to St. Paul's, he would try and find another; in the meantime, he would give from his salary as much as any one of them would add to his contribution. This was a perfectly fair proposition, more than fair. But no one took him up. Dollars looked pretty big to them then, something like the moon rising behind the Church if the Church be far enough away from the heart and the pocket near.

They waited in a round-robin way for some one to do something. But talk!—they stayed up late to talk about it and got hold of each other in outside hours and walked for miles just to talk it over, and over, and over. Poor old St. Paul's, it seemed a forlorn hope; the pow-wow might turn into a wake any day. There were symptoms of it on the part of

the vestry. Strange, that feeling that comes under protracted strain, an almost eager waiting for death, so that we can take hold of a live subject instead. And I am sorry to say it, but I believe there were quite a few of the remaining congregation who would have welcomed such an end in order to let them follow the fashion with a nothing-else-to-do conscience.

When Mr. Proctor threatened a mechanic's lien, it was like poking the tired animals in a show. But it was poke enough to make them get up and pace around the cage and show their teeth and growl. Some people were mean enough to say that Mr. Proctor was put up to do this by the rival Church, expecting to hasten the demise of St. Paul's. This I do not believe. It undoubtedly arose from the brilliant imagination of some mischief maker. There was enough sting in the rumor, however, to add to the goad. The lumber bill *must* be paid or the Church would come under the hammer, and, who knows, might be bought in by the Reform Church party, who were raising money by the thousands now.

That "must" haunted Mr. Off, he said, like a nightmare, until he thought of a chance and went after it hot-footed. Simple enough: each vestryman was to sign his name to a joint note for the amount needed; and the money to be borrowed on that security. Simple? Only nine men to persuade to risk their names on a \$4000.00 note. Easy for some; yes. But those who had a realizing sense of the possible chances involved hesitated to do more than make individual notes for their share. That this would bring the money was out of the question. Mr. Off tramped back and forth from one to another, urging, arguing, imploring, until finally he got them all together, and all willing but one or two. Under pressure the last one gave in, and the note was prepared. But even then there was grave doubt if any one could be found to furnish the money on this kind of security. Mr. Woodward, whose knowledge of the money market was most relied on, said, "I don't believe we can find anyone to do it; I'm sure we can't."

Then it was that Joel Blakesley, who had been in the background most of the time, drawled out: "Well, I reckon I could let you have the money on that security." Cracked the

nut with one application of his jaws. Saved the Church then and there! Grim and gaunt old man, your tablet is the cornerstone of St. Paul's Church on Main Street. It is being strong and willing to do what nobody else will do that counts for most in the cornerstone of a Church or a character. I have known a few such; they are rare and mostly come from beating plowshares into swords and pruning hooks into spears. They are apt to be Joels, rough of form and speech, not over-popular with the men of this world until they are dead, and their works and their warnings are proved.

But on this occasion our Joel was certainly popular. While some might have suspected his means, no one had dreamed of his doing this. They felt very much like hugging him. I wonder what would have happened had they tried—a grizzly bear dance ahead of time? Indeed, their hearts were dancing. The sun had touched the cloud and its silver lining had dazzled their eyes. The doctor had turned his face from the patient whom he had been watching in silence, and smiled. "The crisis is over, gentlemen, you may go home and take a rest."

No more despondency, no more listless languor. Hope, security, life again. Stir and stride and growing strength! St. Paul's was on its feet and prancing!*

* The story so far was written prior to 1917. Writing was not resumed until after 1926.

CHAPTER V.

REVIVAL.

Mighty little time was lost thereafter in crying over spilt milk. Order for close ranks brought the remainder of the congregation into good working order. John Rouse, Miss Belle Green and Miss Hogue (now Mrs. N. Griswold) took hold of the music, and made real music, too. It may be that I was prejudiced at the time; but I know that after a very short time I would not have been willing to swap choirs. Miss Hogue's voice had charmed me beyond measure. She was one of our crowd of young people, which may account.

But anyway let me tell you something you ought to know already. The mainstays of the Church were, of course, the older folks, and the money holders and bread winners; but what's a bed without springs or a June without roses? or a Church without young people? And somehow or other the wealth and the fashion, the culture and show that went with the new Church took a very small portion of the sweet June roses from us. They paid very little to the support of the Church, but—you know how it is. People love to be where the roses bloom. And you can't raise roses without gain to yourself in the doing it. Things run more smoothly, the heart grows warmer and work is better done and faith and hope and results come, too. The flowers of St. Paul's flourished apace and the bouquet holders (that was the day of those silver atrocities called bouquet holders) sat in the pews or waited outside in all their young awkwardness; and if they put little into the plate, they helped to make fairs and festivals hum, and St. Paul's smiled on them, for St. Paul's was wise and wary.

St. Paul's smiled at many other things at that time, even smiled at another Charlie (Birket) and let him run the Sunday School for a spell, his own way, too, until such time as he felt himself neglected or unappreciated, or anyhow became disgruntled and possibly saved the thing by dropping it. "Little drops of water, little grains of sand" we used to sing it in

Sunday School. And the drops and the sand were in evidence then as since. But Mr. Townsend didn't have the sand to avoid the drop, and one Johnstone picked up the thread where he dropped it. Necessarily the time of reconstruction was of that over-alled, shirt-sleeved nature, not so pleasant as it might be to one of Mr. Townsend's caliber. He was elegant in the chancel or at social gatherings, capable, intellectual, reverential, Churchly, but just a little too dignified, so at least it seemed to some, to get under the machine and fix it. He really was never one of the oily kind. Now Johnstone—fact of the matter, there seems to be very little remembered about him, anyway. I fear he will have to be entered here with * * *. Stars of another kind were to follow. One of the first magnitude was about to appear in 1877.

But before he steps upon the stage, the scenery must be arranged, properties set—I had almost said proprieties. For you must know there were proprieties and conventions then as there are now, as there always have been and always will be, differ they ever so much.

Though Mr. Johnstone's record as a personality seems rather blank, his name is affixed on the Church records through most of the years 1874, 1875 and 1876 to baptisms, confirmations, marriages and burials, a certified cord on which these vital events are strung. He also was an abiding presence to legalize other events, though not so important to those of record yet more generally interesting. Perhaps the lax authority of the mild and unremembered minister left the people freer to act for themselves. This is likely to be a dangerous privilege, and 1875 brought no exception to the rule. For the summer of that year brought Robt. G. Ingersoll back from his European trip; and his seductive lecture on what he saw and what he didn't see in Europe drew and charmed crowds, among whom I was one delighted listener. If only some lecturer as fascinating could have told us what Ingersoll saw and what he didn't see in the Christian religion.

But, after all, maybe that would have been a weaker defense than what the loyal souls of the Church did put up that year. Nature (God) generally supplies a good antidote

when needed. It is a credit to the saneness of St. Paul's people that they were not frightened by Ingersoll nor by what many seemed to think a more subtle and dangerous attack in the preceding winter. I think to appreciate the situation fully you must remember that the year to follow (1876) was Centennial year, and all America had been anticipating for some time the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. It was in the air—Revolution.

The schism in our Church three years before was only a starter. Today one of the absorbing problems is known as the "Revolt of Youth." I would have you know that it was not so very new fifty years ago. Our Mr. Bonham, you may recall, is mentioned as dubbing cards, dancing, and the theatre works of the devil. Well, from that standpoint the devil had gotten a powerful foothold in the revolutionary period, 1873 to 1877; for the most popular, even among our Presbyterian friends, was the galaxy of youth that adorned and stormed Rouse's Hall in those days—"The Amateurs."

We have mentioned the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh" once or twice already; but Noble Huggins, who was near to ostracism then, came back to our hearts again, a shining light in the plays the Amateurs put on, such as "Caste" and "Art and Artifice" in 1875 for the Women's Home Mission, and again in 1877, "Still Waters Run Deep," given for the benefit of that other popular character in the war-play, Uncle Joe, Mr. S. S. Patton, whose stutter you may remember was everything in the older play and lost in our Church choir. *The Transcript*, February 9th, 1877, shouts its admiration of this charming effort of the Amateurs—our youth of those days pitted against the elders.

But how shrewd was Mr. Bonham's devil, beginning with a war spectacle, pacifying with benefits in the name of charity, also an oratorio, a Biblical Queen Esther, under the auspices of the Universalist Church, where he doesn't count, to be sure, but seducing the whole town just the same. For the Amateurs were everything desirable, not so advanced or so perfect in their acting as our present Peoria Players; but we were proud of them and they ruled supreme. They seemed to be pretty

successful in whipping Bonham's devil 'round the stump, too; for he sneaked into several of the churches. beginning with St. Paul's, where he gathered in Mrs. Trowbridge, heroine in "Still Waters"; May Greene and Ida Farrell, by far the most fascinating of Peoria's belles; also John Rouse and Lillian Davis. She was such a lovely girl, the Church came to know and appreciate her worth more fully as wife of J. N. Ward, a sterling vestryman of later years.

There have been a few who knew her as a girl and felt the thrill of her recovery from a serious consumptive condition. It was while she was thus afflicted that she figured in the Amateurs, slight, dainty, beautiful, sweet, gentle and kind to everyone,—that she always has been; but as a young girl and with that warm good fellowship that never fails to win the heart, we all fell under the spell and loved her in a romantic, pitying way I can never forget. Now I want to know, was Mr. Bonham's devil really responsible for all that?

From the Presbyterian Church came Ned Johnstone; from the Congregational, C. D. Clarke and Noble Huggins; from the Universalist, Lizzie Pulsipher, another bright beauty, also Hattie Johnson and Eva Burt, later to shine in the Peoria Choral Union; and John Cockle from the Reformed Episcopal. Why the devil should have slighted the Baptists and Methodists, I leave them to say; perhaps they smelt it on his breath. But to prove the lack of prejudice, or catholicity of choice, there was Simon Killduff, who was being skilfully shunted into the Roman Catholic Church. It is only the Episcopalian who insists upon the proper use of the term Catholic, which reminds me of a laugh our Men's Club furnished quite a few years ago.

They had secured for an after-dinner entertainment local talent in the shape of our famous humorist, Eugene Baldwin, editor of the *Peoria Evening Star*. In the business meeting preceding the address there had been quite a little said about the proposed change of the name of the Church, a subject then prominent, in which the word Catholic in its meaning of universal was claimed as our right and not properly the exclusive possession of the Roman Church. So when Mr. Bald-

win was introduced he began in unctious tones, "Fellow Catholics," and brought the laugh. Baldwin, as we all know, was a free thinker, a free liver, and a free giver, too. For when Harry Stone and myself approached him once for a subscription to the Y. M. C. A. we were easily successful. When the bookkeeper asked, "What account shall I charge this to, Mr. Baldwin?" his instant reply, with Ingersollian roll of voice and nonchalant manner, was, "Charge it to the Lord." What an actor he was, and how well he concealed his better nature from the general public! He was discredited and disliked by many, hated and feared by some; but he loved his paper and the staff of the *Star*, it is said, loved him.

But in 1875 he was far away in El Paso, and there was no *Evening Star*, except among the Amateurs, one of which is yet to mention, Geo. I. Brown. Now where did the devil find him? He was the hero in "Still Waters," you know, tall, sandy-haired, strong features, a kind of dare-devil fellow, who caused talk and was otherwise fascinating, with a sharp, caustic wit which stung, as I can testify, homely and awkward, but in the limelight most of the time. He was one among the many suitors in Ida Farrell's court, where he was more successful in driving away others than in making headway for himself.

For instance, on one occasion some one pretty badly struck had the temerity to beg for a lock of her hair or something of the kind as a keepsake, when Brown very solemnly in his deep voice said: "Have you an old toothbrush, perhaps, that I might hang about my neck." How smart we thought that. I am inclined to think that the devil rather overreached himself in Brown. Now with Ned Johnston it was different. He was brighter far than Brown—his hair redder, blazingly redder—and he was infinitely more entertaining; but he was generous and everybody liked him. Then he had the good sense to marry into a St. Paul's family and get on our register. If this was all the devil accomplished, it wasn't much to be sorry about.

So St. Paul's seemed to reason at the time. The way they handled the Revolt of Youth was rather brilliant, I think. They took the devil by the horns and led him off the stage,

then occupied the place themselves. You see the fear of the devil wasn't in them, so long as they believed that the Lord was in the ship. He, when the storm arose, had no reason to rebuke these disciples for lack of faith, ere He spoke to the wind and sea. Trusting in His presence they sprang to trim the ship; and what a gallant trim they made in that one year. May 11th and 12th, The Lady Washington Reception, and November 22d and 23rd the never forgotten Dickens Party. The Ingersoll lecture in between only gave a tang to the sandwich.

You might rest here and consider this while I get the old volume of *The Transcript* for 1875 onto the table and wipe off the dust preparatory to reading the accounts of the first of these events. There are a lot of names which may not be familiar, but they were real people, just like your living friends. Let me introduce them to you; you will like them. I will vouch for that. It is a very wonderful fellowship to which we all belong, "both living and dead mystically united with each other in Christ our head." I should like to say something about each one of them as I read the names, but there are too many. If you will please direct your eyes where they can see into mine as I pronounce them, you may get something of what they are to me and were to each other.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY WASHINGTON RECEPTION.

Peoria Daily Transcript, May 12th, 1875.

LADY WASHINGTON RECEPTION

There was an immense audience in Rouse's Opera Hall last evening notwithstanding the rain and windstorm which prevailed at the hour of assemblage. The gallery was crowded at an early hour, and a large part of the audience was obliged to resort to the lower floor. A double row of seats placed back to back extended from the door through the center of the hall, while around on either side were arranged the thirteen tables representing the thirteen original states, loaded with the eatables which were the favorites of the citizens of these states in "ye olden tyme" and which even in this day are held in high esteem. These tables were presided over by ladies who represented noted women of the several states, in the costumes appropriate to continental times.

At about 9 o'clock the curtain rose upon the stage and presented to the view a grand reception room hung with lace curtains over crimson hangings. Upon a low raised platform stood Lady and General George Washington, excellently represented by Mrs. McRoberts and Mr. Charles Allaire. To the left of Lady Washington stood her two children, Miss Custis and Parke Custis, represented by Mrs. E. R. Johnstone and Joe Woodward. Upon their left stood Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, personated by Henry B. Rouse and Mrs. Sumner Clarke. At the right of General Washington stood Mr. and Mrs. John Adams, represented by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seabury; upon the left of the reception party was the Lord Chamberlain in the person of H. R. Woodward. All the characters upon the stage were dressed in the exact costumes worn on such occasions in the time of Washington. Upon each side of the stage were wide steps, and the following guests issued from the side room and ascended the steps, presented their cards to the Lord Chamberlain who announced their names, then turning to the group pronounced the names of Lady and General Washington, when they all bowed.

General LaFayette and Mrs. Gen. Lee by J. F. Rouse and Mrs. Swentzel; Gen. Lee and Mrs. Gen. Radnor, by C. J. Off and Mrs. P. Hitchcock; Governor and Mrs. Trumbull, by Mr. Day and Mrs. O. H. White; Gen. and Mrs. Warren by J. Newell Ward and Miss Belle Greene. Gouverneur Morris, ambassador to France, and Mrs. Chew, by Elwood Deane and Miss Bena Comstock, who wore earrings one hundred and fifty years old, formerly owned by her great-great-grandmother; Mrs. Gen. Putnam and Miss Putnam, by Miss F. Woodward and Miss J. Mayo; Gen. Greene and Miss Madison, by J. B. Richardson and Miss Kittie Cruger; Charles Carroll of Carrollton and Miss Martha Jefferson, by J. Campbell and Miss Lou Mansfield; Mrs. Brown and Miss Smith, by Mrs. H. R. Woodward and Mrs. Allaire; Henry Warren and Miss Sherman, by C. A. Bowman and Miss Lena Comstock; Mr. and Mrs. Carroll from Baltimore, by John W. Day and Miss Nellie Cruger; Gen. and Mrs. Oglethorpe, by John J. Campbell and Miss Ida Farrell; Prof. Cummings of New York and Mrs. Rebecca Motte, by J. O. Clayton and Miss Lizzie Cowell; Friends Ruth and Deborah, by Misses Eva Comstock and Mamie Armstrong; Friends Comfort and Thankful, by Miss Emma Hogue and Miss Birdie Ward; Gen. O. Williams and Mrs. Livingstone, by W. J. Sisson and Miss L. Woodward; Mrs. Archdale and daughter, by Mrs. Charles Ulrichson and Miss Aggie Armstrong; Mrs. and Miss Langdon, by Misses F. A. and M. J. Mayo; Mrs. John Jay and Miss McKeen, by Miss Mary Rouse and Miss Josie Hogue; Theodore Winthrop and Miss Wolcott, by Nat Griswold and Miss Cornelia Hogue; Mrs. Claybourne and Mrs. General Knox, by Mrs. C. W. Greene and Miss Fanny Woodward; Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Van Rensselaer, by Mrs. Cook and Mrs. William Willard; John Hancock and Mrs. Thos. Hayward, by Mr. Rouse and Mrs. Dr. Skinner.

After being presented, each couple passed in front of Lady and Gen. Washington, spoke a few words and then passed to the rear. After the guests had been received the curtain fell, but rose again upon the whole party grouped in a tableau, which was very fine.

The Light Guard Band then played some of their fine music while the audience attacked the refreshments spread upon the tables.

At a later hour the curtain rose upon Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works, which were displayed in a semi-circle around the stage. The character of Mrs. Jarley was to have been taken by Geo. I. Brown, but that gentleman having been suddenly called away from the city, Mr. E. R. Johnstone, at the urgent request of the committee, kindly volunteered to read the part. For the short time he had to assume the character it was personated in a very creditable manner. This part of the programme was very amusing and kept the audience in excellent humor.

Altogether, the reception was a great success and the society reaped a rich reward for their enterprise. The costumes were rich and elegant, and reflected great credit upon the taste of the wearers.

The reception will be repeated this evening, and the admission has been placed at 25 cents. All who were there last evening will be sure to go again, and those who were absent must not fail to witness this grand pageant of the olden time. An old fashioned minuet will also be danced this evening in costume.

There were two evenings of this entertainment, and the second, as is the rule, was more perfectly presented. The Jarley Wax Works were added, undoubtedly, to give a touch of fun, although otherwise not allied to the pageant. Here is what *The Transcript* says about the Wax Works:

After an hour's intermission, during which Spencer's Light Guard Band played some of their sweet strains, and the audience made assault upon the refreshment tables, the curtain again arose upon Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works. Mrs. Jarley being absent, her sister appeared and explained to the audience that some of the wax "figgers" had become damaged by the heat of the room, caused by the supply of ice cream having become exhausted; that the wax had melted from some of the "figgers," and it was impossible to exhibit the whole collection. Those that were exhibited appeared in good work-

ing order, although in one or two cases oil had to be applied to the machinery in order to have them work smoothly."

One of the participants now living remembers this incident vividly. She took the part of Violante, who, supposed to be a dainty eater but making up on the sly, was exhibited with a mutton bone, which she raised to her mouth when wound up. She recalls her embarrassment because Mrs. Jarley, being her brother-in-law, teased her by fussing over the winding, making believe the machinery was out of order, so keeping her guessing what to do. Knowing both parties so well, it is a treat to me to imagine the situation—the coy, bashful little beauty, the big audience, the brilliant, self-possessed tormentor, making the most of the opportunity. Ah! Mrs. Jarley! Mrs. Jarley! how out of order the machinery sometimes gets, and the embarrassment and torment will come, too, but the loving tenderness outlasts all else, thank God!

The account continues:

At the close of the exhibition there was great applause from the audience, and loud calls were made for Mrs. Jarley; but we learned with deep regret that just as she was about to appear before the curtain she met with an accident which prevented her from responding to the call. Happening to pass near the figure of the "Maniac," the machinery having been kept wound up by the attendants, she seized the venerable lady by the hair of the head and tore it from her scalp. In her efforts to release herself, Mrs. Jarley staggered in front of the "Ruffian" just as he was in the act of striking the "Smiling Beauty" and the blow of his club laid the old lady prostrate in front of "Mrs. Winslow." The babe was knocked out of Mrs. Winslow's arms and the dose of soothing syrup intended for the infant was poured down Mrs. Jarley's throat. This revived the antiquated female, and opening her mouth for more the "mutton bone" of Violante fell into it. This astonished her and, rising to a sitting position, she discovered "Jasper Packlemartin," the man who killed his thirteen wives by tickling them to death, trying his power upon the young lady who killed herself with giggling, which completely

restored her. But then it was too late to appear before the curtain.

But the peak of the entertainment was the minuet, which preceded the wax works.

Shortly after the tableau representing the assembled party, the curtain again rose and, to the sound of music, the presidential party entered and assumed their positions with all due formality for an old fashioned minuet.

It was a very stately affair and, to a spectator, it appeared as though they wanted to dance, but were afraid to do so. It did not have the lively exhilarating effect of the more modern style.

General and Lady Washington (Chas. B. Allaire and Mrs. McRoberts) stood at the back of the stage facing the audience, while opposite them were Mr. and Mrs. John Adams (Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seabury) ; upon the sides were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton (H. B. Rouse and Mrs. Sumner Clarke) ; and the Lord Chamberlain and Mrs. Gov. Winthrop of Boston (H. R. Woodward and Miss Hattie Mansfield). The four couples went through the movements of the minuet very gracefully, and it was a rare treat to the audience, the larger portion of whom had never beheld such a scene.

The account ends:

Altogether the reception was a grand success, and the two evenings' entertainments must have netted handsomely for the *society*.

Miss Armstrong says they made a thousand dollars. Just what society in the Church it was, is not mentioned ; probably the Women's Guild, or I believe they called it the Ladies' Guild then, descendant of the original P. E. Sewing Society mentioned earlier.

It is with a peculiar tenderness that I let the frail sheets of the old paper fall rustling into rest, and close the great cover down, and leave it for strange young hands to replace on its shelf in the vast mausoleum of our Public Library. You will excuse me if I sit and dream a bit about these people "that I have loved long since and lost awhile." Not all of the fifty-eight names mentioned in the long list, but forty-three

of them, have gone up the steps one by one, given their cards to the Lord Chamberlain of Death, bowed lowly and passed on.

Some of them, however, are worth a longer and closer contemplation. C. B. Allaire is far from being a perfect Washington; he is not heavy enough, far too graceful, though as dignified. Still, he is commanding, carries himself with an independence and assurance of power that was to bring him the deference of his colleagues in the future vestry. Opposite him in the minuet is perhaps the most beautiful man St. Paul's or even Peoria ever saw,—I say beautiful rather than handsome,—Charles Seabury, clear complexion, rich black hair, large soft dark eyes, and gentle, with the quiet grace of a true heart. Earlier in the story I said of him that he was always there. He was, one of those whose actions speak louder than words, always there when needed. It has always seemed strange to me that such unassuming, generous devotion could have accumulated so much of this world's goods as he did after he left us for Chicago.

Conspicuous in the group of dancers is the stately Lord Chamberlain, as he steps out with his young companion. Besides the assumed characters, they represent two of the largest families in the parish—H. R. Woodward, gay and debonair, fitly chosen for the whipper in of this peerless pageant, though of aristocratic English Church lineage yet all American forcefulness and venture—witness the way he drove the street cars, at least the system, as president of the Central City Street Car Line, for years, and made it pay—his large family of eight sons and daughters, “polished corners of the temple,” blessing our parish with faithful zeal unto this day, though some “are fallen asleep”; and Hattie Mansfield, eldest daughter of another family of eight or more, six of them girls, fascinating, gay, attractive, a brilliantly social family of aristocratic tastes but genial democratic hospitality. This slender, lovely blossom of the dance draws our eyes and our hearts, for her frail health has been making us all anxious. She is the last name mentioned of the fifty-eight and was the first to leave us, dying in 1879.

Among those not of the minuet is another tall beauty, who belongs to our very own young crowd. We are all insistent

that she is the most beautiful there, the one who wears the old earrings mentioned, Bena Comstock, tall, with luxurious blonde hair, perfect complexion (natural, too), fine features, sweet smile in her eyes, and such an exquisite dancer. I know, for didn't I waltz with her once around Spencer's Hall oblivious to the fact that I had forgotten to remove my rubbers? Such forgetfulness was not to be wondered at considering the absorbing anticipation of that first dance and with her (we were late, too). She was so sweet about it, when I got back to her, the humiliation was as easily forgotten as the rubbers had been. Some girls might have rubbed it in, instead of out, but Bena never. She was of a family that was born kind, and the next largest in the parish, six girls and three boys, all generous with purse, kind words, smiles and ever ready sympathy. They have diminished in numbers but not in grace. As our Bena stands there, ere she vanishes I rise and salute her with a full heart.

There is one who turns her face to me, ever in life as in death—my sister, my comrade; and I still stand at salute to the perfect love, loyalty and devotion to the Church as to me.

They are crowding up the steps too fast, these forty-three. One I would detain a little longer; we tried so hard to hold her when she started to go in the year 1909. Of all the wonderful Mayo family, she was the most loved and admired, Miss Josephine, the best example in St. Paul's of her patron saint, initiative, perseverance, persistency, courage, force, dominance, vision, common and uncommon sense, as well as some things not generally thought of in St. Paul, such as tact, humor, and a strong idea of woman's rights. If ever these two get into an argument in the spirit land I would like to have a television of it.

But at present I am content to have the many beautiful and inspiring memories of the one who ministered to more people, in fuller measure, under more varied conditions, and more successfully, than any other member of St. Paul's for the same number of years. As hostess alone at Sunnyside, the well known Mayo country home, she was the peer of any one I ever heard of. Also no one dared to injure child or horse

in her presence, for she had method in her madness beyond the meaning of that saying. She with Mrs. Tom Grier was founder of the Humane Society in Peoria. Indeed, we can truthfully say there was no one who could take her place—dear Josephine.

They are not all gone, these gay and graceful pageant-makers; these smiling, happy faces. One, about the youngest, still wears a smile to greet us Sunday mornings, Miss Mary Armstrong. The sweetness, gentleness, and strength, too, abiding in her name, span with rainbow glory the smiles and tears of all the years between.

CHAPTER VII.

DICKENS PARTY.

A very different thing was the Dickens Party put on in November following. It was appropriate that May should have been chosen for the display of beauty, grace, and romantic memories of our struggle for independence, and November for expressing a less selfish and more mature consideration of the world at large. As a nation we had become less belligerent with England, perhaps, but were surely enamored of the genius of Dickens. *The Transcript* of November 23rd, 1875, says in part:

THE DICKENS PARTY

A FEAST FOR THE LITERARY AS WELL AS FOR THE HUNGRY

At an early hour last evening every seat in the gallery was occupied with spectators anxious to witness the assembling of the Dickens Party. Some of the scenes so forcibly presented by the great writer were represented in the hall. Near the stage upon the Main Street side of the hall was Miss Haversham's bridal chamber. Next to it, going from the stage, the sign of "Miss La Crevey, miniature painter" encountered the eye. Here is exhibited a fine collection of portraits. The studio was presided over by Mrs. John Swentzel as Miss La Crevey.

Next is Caleb Plummer's toy shop, a perfect marvel, running over with toys of every description. The character of Caleb Plummer, the old toyman, was taken by Mr. Aaron S. Oakford.

The Old Curiosity Shop with its numberless relics and various and divers curiosities.

In the middle of the room is a beautiful flower stand, which early in the evening was radiant with bright colored flowers. Later but few were left to show what the stand was intended for; most of them had gone to the Dickens Party.

The supper room was a scene of life and bustle through the entire evening. The most excellent victuals were dispensed

to those that were a hungered; ice cream, oysters and all the delicacies of the season were in excellent demand.

What captivated all, however, was the assembling of the principal characters in the Dickens writings in the body of the hall. We will not attempt to describe all, but will simply mention a few of the most noticeable. First we must mention Barnaby Rudge the poor half-witted youth, impersonated by Willie Woodward, a good representative of the character both in costume and action.

Captain Cuttle by John Rouse was well taken; very few would recognize the gentleman in the part without approaching close to him.

Gaffer Hexam, the gigantic boatman, was a capital character as represented by W. T. Hanna. Lizzie Hexam, by Miss Helen Hanna, following Gaffer about, carrying his oars, the two forming a truthful and lifelike representation of the characters as portrayed by the great writer.

Mr. C. J. Off was got up in excellent imitation of Jack Bunsby. Tillie Slowboy, by Miss Kittie Cruger, was a decided hit. The charming and gay Dolly Varden and the daring Joe Willet, by Miss Nellie Cruger and Mr. George Henthorne, were both good. The large number of characters represented but not mentioned above, have not been omitted on account of any lack of merit, but simply we only selected a few of the most striking.

Some of the characters appeared upon the stage in tableaux and short dramatic sketches. To be appreciated properly they should be seen. The tableau, "John's Dream," a scene described in "Cricket on the Hearth," was a beautiful thing.

Owing to some misunderstanding, the Bardell Trial was announced in this paper for last night. It did not come off, but is on the program for tonight.

In the way of something refined and interesting there has never been anything gotten up for the public in this city equal to the Dickens Party. The friends of St. Paul's have reason to congratulate themselves upon the grand success it has attained.

For St. Paul's it is not too much to say that the intelligence of her people, while taxed to a high degree, was able to produce a result that not only outshone her previous effort for

the interest aroused, but has left a more enduring memory than almost any effort of any Church organization of its kind in Peoria; and when you consider that it not only stood for the good will of the Church people for one another, but put a stamp of appreciation on the principle of good will, which the great novelist taught forcefully in all his works, we have reason to look back upon it with pride. Unfortunately, the best description of this event, a copy of which I once saw, is lost. It was from some paper, evidently not *The Transcript*, which I cannot locate. *The Democrat* issues of these dates are missing from the files in the Library.

However, memories of several participants supply enough to warrant more description and excite more comment. Our friend, Mr. D. T. Muir, recounts with glee how, when sitting in the back gallery of the hall the second evening, he was startled when a burly policeman, who was by his side, rose with the curtain on the stage and roared, "O yes! O yes! O yes! Come into Court," which started the famous scene of the Bardell-Pickwick trial. Thomas Cratty was Sergeant Buzfuz, and J. B. Richardson, Pickwick. My memory of this scene is that there was so much noise around the hall that only those standing near the stage or seated in the balcony near could hear what was said. That was much the case in every scene staged. Nevertheless, the characters were so well costumed that the interest was kept up; most of the scenes were short.

Probably the most successful one was Dick Swieveller and the Marchioness at cribbage by Fred Tucker and Mrs. Allaire. Tucker, borrowed from the Baptists, I believe, was one of Peoria's prize characters. Poor Fred! How hard he struggled for the popularity he craved and acquired. One of those men born homely of face, large of mouth—all the better for his fine bass voice—large of limb, and awkward when we first knew him, but after all nothing too large for his heart or his ambition. In the most important qualities he was well set for his part as Dick Swiveller, save that his credit was good, having all of Dick's assurance, gallantry, daring, gayety and good will, never downed by failure, and more than a match for any emergency. How Dickens loved to electrify his works

with such effervescent and unquenchable spirits. Then our dear Mrs. Allaire, who gave all that she was—immeasurable—to the Church, her strong alto voice, her brilliant spirit, her exquisite taste, her willingness to assume such an unattractive appearance as the Marchioness, all for the pleasure of others.

Caleb Plummer, you will note, was our Aaron Oakford. Such a contrast in fortune—the successful business man, bound close to the hard, practical routine of a big and driving business, and the poor, romantic toymaker. Mr. Oakford is now about eighty years old. I heard recently that he was very ill, confined to the house, and I called on him thinking he might be interested in talking of old times. The Aaron Oakford of the Dickens Party was an energetic young salesman, junior partner in a wholesale grocery firm, and a spirited member of St. Paul's Church. But he married into a Presbyterian family, hung on the religious fence for a spell, then dropped into the Congregational yard to stay there—sort of a mainstay. Always graciously urbane, he welcomed me heartily when I came into the room, where he was trying to bear up against considerable pain with all the fortitude of his determined character.

In a moment we were holding each other's hands and drifting back into old recollections, old faces, old interests. His inherent politeness, when I left, expressing generous appreciation of the new train of thoughts aroused, was both pathetic and delightful. We were neither of us so very far from Dickens' Caleb Plummer then, surrounded by old toys. Caleb's coat of sacking with the stencilled letters "GLASS" across the back might well have been worn by either one of us, the sign of fragile age, the livery of those whose watchful loved ones may keep them "this side up with care" for perhaps a little longer.

The other character in "Cricket on the Hearth," Tillie Slowboy, by Kittie Cruger, shows equal divergence of character; for Kittie was as far from Slowboy as can be imagined, the wildest, gayest, rompiest girl ever entangled in staid St. Paul's precincts; everlastingly beating her wings against the bars of convention and yet just as everlastingly sincere in all

good works she undertook, only dead set on making a good time out of it, the more hazards the better. Perhaps Tillie's hazards with the baby was what made Kittie choose the part.

It is crossing a great gulf to take up the next characters. "Our Mutual Friend" is pretty close to being the most popular of Dickens' works. I have lived with it for sixty years, yet it is only within the last few months, indeed, since copying the *Transcript* quoted above, that I have appreciated the dramatic force of the two associate characters represented by W. T. Hanna and his daughter as there described. Gaffer Hexam followed by his daughter Lizzie carrying his oars. There is no mention in the book of her carrying the oars, although she is mentioned as helping him; but there is an old picture, a combination of the prominent characters in all his works, put out as a supplement with a paper or magazine in 1870, an old torn copy of which I have, where Lizzie is shown carrying the oars. In this picture Pickwick is seated, and Sam Weller standing by his chair is introducing the characters to him. In no edition of Dickens that I have seen is there any such picture of Hexam and his daughter, so I take it for granted that Mr. Hanna was following the 1870 publication.

However that may be, the conception is full of meaning, depicting one of the most striking of the many shadows in this book of lights and shades. Dickens' dramatic taste for startling contrasts is probably indulged in to better effect in "Our Mutual Friend" than in any other of his works. Not that he is more dramatic here, but that there seems to be a greater variety of lights and shades, the play more constant and less tiring, more freely drawn and picturesque. I believe that the popularity of this novel is greatly increased because of the free use and the perfected style of his lighter and happier vein without loss of pathos and humor.

For the benefit of those who have not studied Dickens closely, I desire to dwell more at length on the subject, so that they may have a better realization of what our people of St. Paul's had, in a literary way, to help in the building of character a half century ago, in contradistinction to the mass of reading left at their doors today.

Probably the most direct and open expression of contrast in "Our Mutual Friend" is given in almost the beginning, where Boffin's Bower is described, the room to which Silas Wegg is introduced by his host. One half is carpeted and furnished for his wife as a "high-flyer of fashion"; at a dividing floor line the carpet ceases and the sawdust and sanded floor begins, with other common and lowly comforts. But despite their divergent tastes, they are inseparable companions. Of course, such a room is an absurd and most impossible condition. But, a caricature in material fact, it is one of the most truthful expositions of the universal household, and with its happiest solution spiritually. This is one of the powerful lights of the story; a subtle but vast contrast, one of the most inspirational, has its beginning here,—the simple faith and trust of the Boffins with the wretched wile and suspicion of Wegg, two principles ever at war with each other since Paradise was lost.

Perhaps the greatest contrast is shown in comparing Bella Wilfer and her father with Lizzie Hexam and hers. Gaffer Hexam is on the stage but a short time at the opening of the story; but his shadow rests upon his daughter almost to the end. While the perfect sympathy and understanding between Bella and her father, simple, patient, believing Rumpty, the playful, whimsical endearments brighten and sweeten the whole story and lift it out of the sordid as happily and lightly as the little crippled dolls' dressmaker's dream children lifted her out of pain.

But look at Lizzie Hexam herself, universally acknowledged as the finest character in the novel, as she follows her father, bearing his oars, steadfastly, loyally, lovingly, bearing his burdens, his ignorance, his crimes, willingly suffering, hopefully longing for his redemption, sheltering her younger brother from the father's wrath, encouraging him and herself with pictures her fancy finds in the "hollow down by the flare."

"The hollow down by the flare," one of the most often quoted of Dickens' fancies. Are you sure, you readers and lovers of Dickens, that you comprehend the fullness of this conception? To me it is one of the great lights of the story

inasmuch as it shows the power of the soul. In her misery, there was a marvelous hope for the ultimate brighter, higher life, for them all. The hollow down by the flare would have been only glowing coals in the brazier were it not for the living glow of faith in her soul. She held the power, God-given, to say in the dearest moments "let there be light," the same power that lighted the Church in the past, no matter how low or ignorant, how criminal its acts, that filled some soul to see visions in the hollow down by the flare.

So back to the Dickens Party, where Gaffer Hexam and his daughter stalked, stood, or drifted through the crowded hall in the persons of W. T. Hanna and his daughter. And in turn the ghost of Hanna may stand now—I surely felt his presence—on his old stamping ground, today. You see the old Clark and Hanna Flour and Feed Mill stood at what is now the intersection of Jefferson, Walnut and First Streets, and was dismantled and torn down when Jefferson Avenue was cut through. Horace Clark, Sr., you know, was the father of the Congregational Clarks, if not of the Church, a man of weight and width, while Hanna was extremely tall and thin; and they milled together many years as naturally as the two Churches to which they belonged.

Whether Mr. Hanna proved too tall for the shelf and was floored like the grandfather's clock, I can't say. He was not a high Churchman; but he may have been a high-tempered one, which may account for his ghost restlessly striding around the old place, getting on my nerves. Or, it may be that both old men are there, standing watch over the spot where once they fed the multitude, "where the grinders ceased because they were few, and the strong men bowed themselves," before the onrush of progress, which leveled their walls, and ground them to powder, and rolled them under, and buried them deep, and where now all the grinding is done by truck and motor car wheels and impatient drivers' teeth over their business-grave. Sometimes I fancy that the tall Episcopalian stands at one of the stop signs there, and the Congregationalist at the other, each with uplifted hand, that the present generation may stop for a second in memory of the past, just a plea to slacken the fearful rush of this fast, fast age.

There is one more character at the party to take leave of before we say good night, put on our wraps and start for home,—John Rouse, as Captain Cuttle,—of all the representatives none was so well made up to character in appearance as John, and none so far apart in spirit. Poor John! There is more pity in that “poor” than I feel at liberty fully to express. He was the youngest of a large family, the most petted, the most spoiled, the most cruelly managed, the saddest mistake, or one of the saddest in the history of St. Paul’s. His service in the choir has been mentioned before. His voice was excellent, his ambition great, his good nature too weak for the strong will of his father. Result, a failure to make a round peg fit a square hole, a disappointed family all around, a fine fellow’s life ruined, a broken heart and an early death.

If, John, you had not been content to match only the motley shell of Captain Cuttle, and had caught a little of his unselfish devotion, you might not have snapped the silver cord so desperately soon. . . . There’s that everlasting “if,” that misleading, futile, hypocritical conjunction that seldom joins anything anyway; but discourages honest endeavor and shirks obligations without number. Excuse my ill-humor; but I get so tired of exhorters’ and promoters’ “ifs.” “If all you people here before me would only join together and do thus and so——.” You have heard them spiel. Don’t we all know that every audience is just a sieve and that a thousand “ifs” could never join them all together beyond applause?

I am ashamed of that “if,” John; forgive me. But I can not let Captain Cuttle get away yet. Reader, do you know him? I wonder how well. I have been acquainted with him for over fifty years, and yet have only in the last few years discovered what he is really made of. Of course, you all know he is a great laugh in *Dombey and Son*, kind-hearted, rather stupid, gullible, illiterate, blundering, devoted, optimistic, unselfish, loudly enthusiastic, entirely unconscious of his ridiculous appearance, or that he is the laughing-stock of all except those who love him, and whom he loves with all his great heart.

And is that all? You will have to stand off quite a distance to see all, and have some of Dickens’ wideness of understand-

ing, too, some of the knowledge that comes with years of observation. Captain Cuttle is more than a good old sport. He is the personification of unalloyed faith, even more, his part in the story, as I feel it, is a romance of faith.

In *Dombey & Son*, Dickens' purpose was to set up pride as a target to riddle; and he did it to perfection. Not one character in the story is devoid of pride of some sort, bad, good, fond or foolish. Captain Cuttle has his share. His pride in his own sagacity gets a hard rap. We laugh, but we feel the sting of shame ourselves; for we are too fond of him to watch him exposed to jeers.

It is better to be more definite, and, by direct reference to detail, to illustrate what I would have you see. Get the book and read—it will repay the trouble—Chapter X of the first volume. Recall Dombey's extreme pride of wealth, power, and station, his absence of sympathy with almost anything else. Recall Captain Cuttle's love and devotion for Sol. Gills and Walter, his romantic dreams about Walter and Florence Dombey, and understand his simple, single-minded belief in the goodness of others. He can no more understand Dombey's selfish want of sympathy with Sol in his misfortune, with Walter in his distress, or with his own desire to help, than Dombey can understand his feelings. Neither can the Captain appreciate his own rough, absurd appearance and too familiar manners in contrast with Dombey's elegance and reserve. It is unbelievable that the Captain should be so brazen and absurd as to force himself in as he does, unless we accord him an overwhelming anxiety to do all in his power.

Now stand off as free of artificial conventionality as you can, strip yourself clear of every fear and prejudice, if possible, and view the forces that dominate each of these characters. See the pride in Dombey, which he tries to impart to his son, disparaging the suppliants, together with his arrogant contempt for Captain Cuttle and his offerings. Then see the unquestioning faith of Captain Cuttle in the goodness of the human soul. Which would you choose?

But, you say, is it not possible to have the loyal, generous heart without the blind reliance on a goodness that does not

exist, be more helpful by being more tactful? Of course it is. But I am not looking at the result of the appeal, but at the peak of the soul. What would any of us amount to with no one to believe in the goodness of our soul? St. Paul's Church would have died long ago. Someone must take the chance. That is the romance of faith; that is the stuff that Captain Cuttle is made of, in the likeness of God. Poor hidebound fools of pride may laugh at his grotesque appearance, his gullibility, his belief that everyone is as enthusiastic as himself about the happiness of others. But he can laugh in the happiness of his own strength, and we are wise if we can laugh with him, as well as at him, and try to be more like him. Captain Cuttle and John Rouse! I feel very humble, very foolish about that presumptuous "if." But let it stand; it may make us think a little.

The Dickens Party is full of things to think about; but it is growing late, and we are tired. Let's go and talk it over on the way home; how successful it has been, how full of good influence as well as entertainment, and how thankful we should be that our revival should have taken such a form.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEVIL AND THE CHURCHES.

It is all very well to take unction to ourselves in this case and to criticize other Churches for their methods, which I am afraid was freely done then and since,—just where the devil gets in his best licks.

The Congregational, First Baptist, Reformed Episcopal, and all the Presbyterian Churches had started in 1874, and rolled up quite a powerful united evangelistic movement by 1875. The Methodists are recorded as preferring their own methods alone. St. Paul's may have shrunk from too embarrassing fellowship with the Reformed Episcopal, the Universalists from too much hell-fire, and the Roman Catholic . . . oil and water furnished by the devil gratis, I suppose; although Colonel Deane, that August, struck artesian water at the Spring Hill Park (site of the present Proctor Home for the Aged) and promised a marvelous resort in the near future. Think what a loss to Peoria had he been successful in his aspirations; but the Bush Distillery went up that year, and the Spring Hill Water Hotel did not. Now to whom shall the aged give thanks? Anyway, against the revival effort of the United Churches, such as it was, the devil countered with a Free Thought Church.

I suppose Ingersoll was too busy anticipating his trip to Europe to be of much use in starting said Church, so the devil got hold of a foster-father for it in that delightfully Irish Irishman, Dan Sheen, who would destroy the Churches, declared there was no God, ridiculed the idea of a Creator, and tried to prove its fallacy. Would you believe it of Dan? But he was young then and in the Revolt of Youth up to his neck. Nothing new in Dan; he was always up to his neck in everything he jumped into. Dan ought to have been a member of St. Paul's, because later, like St. Paul, he saw a light that made him line up with the Churches he had started to persecute. I know, for did I not sit every morning at seven o'clock for a month with him and a few determined ones in the days when the Churches made their greatest effort to dislodge the

devil from his stronghold of vice, gambling and the Sunday saloon, and met with victorious defeat? It was Dan's luck to meet with defeat up to his last struggle for life. I am one who believes that defeat to have won him a most glorious victory, a truer vision of the Creator of such sincere and devoted souls as his. Remember, he and St. Peter are not the only ones who have denied their Lord.

And speaking of St. Peter, the devil made a remarkable blunder when he neglected to shut the door of his free Church, one evening in March, to another Irishman, small but mighty of heart, voice and energy, M. C. Quinn. For, from the report of that meeting, Dan, as usual, got the worst of it from the ridicule of that Roman Catholic champion. Now the only thing really common to both an Irishman and the devil is love of a fight, and even in that they differ: the Irishman wanting to be in it, and the devil to be referee.

So, in this case, I can imagine our devil being ready to quit, at least in that line. What he wanted most then must have been a sure foothold, a permanent seat in a permanent Church, free seats were too godly and free Churches fizzles, and most anything outside the Churches too easy to be interesting. The free press he made much use of, displaying his goods at so much a line, long columns in the 1875 issues, of police raids on brothels, with vulgar or suggestive comments, murders, scandals, drunks and brawls. On the same page of the Lady Washington Reception write-up occurs an item at which I know Dan Sheen would point an indignant finger accusing the devil of its being his work: "The digging for W. H. Bush's new distillery is fast progressing." And later, in another issue, occurs the notice of a female minstrel show at the low Adelphi Theater, in which it is sneeringly stated: "Churches and Sunday Schools are not expected."

It is plain that the Churches were a greater worry to the devil in 1875 than to Ingersoll, for instance. No, there was no doubt about it, the authority of the Church must be undermined or the good people would prefer clean obedience to rotten freedom. How to go about it? He scanned again the Bonham catalogue—Cards? Slim crop showing, best *sub-rosa*

for a while. The theatre?—Guns too easily spiked; Churches were seemingly too wide awake. Well, there was one old trick pretty generally successful: start the Church people knocking each other. Yes, but how? He had one time and another got into the pulpit and helped the minister say things,—bad but not fatal. He had split the Episcopal Church in two; but somehow or other that did not stop the old one growing. There was one last chance on the Bonham list; so with a “hoop-la!” he horned in and hoofed it with all his might in dancing.

Revolt of Youth. Flags flying, drums beating, spirit of '76, cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, thunders from the pulpits, stern fathers and mothers. Bonham was not here, but Dr. Edwards of the First Presbyterian was, a man of dominant power over his people. Over against the devil stood this little giant with his scourge. But every time his flail descended, the devil rolled his chewing gum to the other side of his face and put another waltz on the programme.

I am not trying to be facetious here; my heart is too heavy with memories of a sad life whose cup of youth was once thus withheld. Poor Minnie Bills, one of the prettiest, sweetest, truest of girls; everybody loved her, at least in our set. She didn't object to dancing, neither did her parents; but her father was an elder in Dr. Edwards' Church and so, as in pagan days, the daughter was sacrificed. We tempted her, but “No.” How we admired her strength and loved her more than ever! She wouldn't dance, but she would look on. Dr. E. had not thought to taboo that. I wonder how many girls today would have the sand to do as much. Or how many fellows would be so devoted as one I know, who sat out a brilliant ball with his girl in the balcony. I doubt if he was as much comfort to her as he wanted to be. Indeed, they did not stay the entire time.

It is not this alone that makes me sad. But when I think of that lovely girl, and how for forty years some miserable shadow always followed and fell upon her, stole her strength, drained her cup of earthly hope and happiness, and brought her to life's end worn out with care, just a wreath of bitter

disappointments to lay upon her grave. When I think of the little sunshine that was hers, I feel the cruelty, not of the Church or the minister, but of that demon of misunderstanding, that Father of Lies, that robbed her bright girlhood of whatever so little happiness, which God assuredly meant youth should have.

So the great year of 1875 started with a flaming revolt, the devil prodding both sides and taking the gate money. But he didn't have the stage all to himself.

Whittle and Bliss—what a delicious name combination, flows like a Mother Goose production:

There was an old woman, and what do you think?

She lived upon nothing but *victuals and drink*.

Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,

And yet this old woman, she never kept quiet.

They staged a wonderful revival in 1876—victuals and drink for the papers. They were full of it, columns every day. Nothing quiet about Whittle and Bliss, either. How they made the whole town sing, too—"Pull for the Shore"—first appearance of that wonderful safety first song (or did it come later when the devil set the waves to dancing?).

It is all very well to smile now, but it was very real then. We sang with our hearts aflame. We were between the devil and the deep sea. We wanted, oh, yes! we wanted to be good; but we wanted to dance, too. And the Churches were in dead—no, live—earnest. They clubbed us with the Whittle and Bliss revival, and then coaxed us with the roller skate novelty. What a miraculous invention that was! how it swept the country! The papers spread the gospel of the new sport and the town went crazy about it. Rouse's Hall first, and then the new Wigwam on Adams Street, "Centennial Hall," they dubbed it, as it was built in 1876, and saw great doings that year. Excitement? What do our young people know about excitement now? Remember, we were a small town then and pretty well bunched together. What with the revival, the roller skating and election year, we were running from one side of the boat to the other with mob frenzy. That was the year when Bob Ingersoll made his famous plumed-knight speech in nominating Blaine, and became Peoria's pride and

glory. Centennial Hall was a one-ring circus when he performed. Whatever many of us since have had to criticize in him, no matter how vigorously he had been cussed out at times for his attack upon the Churches, he ruled absolutely on the platform when the political fight was on. Never was a generous paunch more becoming to a man than his when he stood before his adoring audience, his massive face alight with responsive pleasure, coat swung wide open, hand in trousers' pocket. As I remember, his gestures were few, slow and simple. It was his voice, powerful, musical, rumbling and gurgling at times, exuberantly gleeful when tearing the enemy to tatters.

He was at his best in earlier campaigns. It was a joy to hear him hold the Democratic party up to ridicule. He would lambast it with his pungent wit and scathing sarcasm which, somehow, while it hit a stinging blow, was void of meanness, it was so good-natured and joyfully funny. He shook it more like a dog at play, because he loved the exercise; and it was all fun for us, too. We would welcome his coming to the front of the platform much as Babe Ruth is welcomed, sure of his giving the ball an everlasting wallop every time he struck it. We got much the kind of wild fun out of it as a happy drunk is said to give, something of the delightful irresponsibility. He was a real Pied Piper of Hamelin. He piped and we followed where he led. And the good Church elders and trustees watched with sinking hearts when between times he dropped the Democratic party and began to pipe the young away from their safe religious homes.

This was one of the reasons why they finally started to Whittle and Bliss, and pull for the shore.

Centennial year had brought rescue in another way, starting a smoke screen, or more aptly speaking, splashing water on the fire—Famous Regatta in July—first great demonstration of its kind on our lake. And what a pull that regatta had for all the town. Our lake that July came into its own, the wide expanse of blue water, the great crescent of green hills, the hundreds of flashing oars, the gliding or darting long sculls, noiseless, graceful, beautiful. And the people

lining the shores or on the water in boats and floats, or filling gayly decorated stands, rose to the occasion with wild enthusiasm. Spencer's Band was there, too, a famous Peoria institution noticed before in connection with the Lady Washington Reception. The Boat Club responsible for the regatta came near being the most exalted social institution we ever had, more so than the Creve Coeur or the Country Club. Ask Mrs. Walter Barker or Mr. E. H. Walker. Look what it did to some people. There were the Bartlett Brothers, young grain men, ordinary citizens, respected mainly for being of a good family and fair business prospects. Will, the younger, as a high officer in the Boat Club, became at once a social autocrat of far more importance, and I should judge happily so, than in after years as prominent millionaire member of the Chicago Board of Trade, and host on his 300,000-acre estate in New Mexico, with its 13,000-foot mountain peak.*

There was another Will, Will Shelley, a more remarkable man in many ways, who had been plugging along in the paint and drug business in a comparatively small but ambitious way, when the Boat Club got him. And, presto! up he flew. The scenery was not complete without him. And what a delight he was to watch, a small man, alert rather than energetic, always there, seemingly never at a loss, bright and assertive as a bluejay, courting attention—and getting it. He had neither strut nor swagger, but there was an airy assumption in the sway of his head and the lift of his chin that made his assertions distinctly American, just on the edge of braggadocio, but not foolish. To see him coatless, but in white duck trousers and immaculate white tucked shirt, light hat and flowing blue tie, his beautiful black eyes snapping with enthusiasm, was like seeing the American flag in the breeze.

Then there was the great Boat Club Ball at Rouse's Hall.

But what has all this worldly Peoria flourish to do with the story of St. Paul's Church? Even if Ardo Shelley later was a vestryman, neither his brother, Will Bartlett nor Bob

* This estate, after Mr. Bartlett's death, was sold to a hunting club of men, mostly of Hollywood, although Secretary Mellon is one of the number. Mr. Bartlett maintained a ranch there, as well as stables and guides for such guests as rode or hunted.

Ingersoll belonged to St. Paul's, so why drag them in? One wonders had Bob Ingersoll been dragged in what kind of an Episcopalian he would have made. . . . But in all seriousness, if you want to know why the drag, listen.

In the first place the same life-blood flowed and still flows through the city as through its Churches. No sincere disciple of the great Galilaean Teacher and Redeemer would have it otherwise. Then consider conditions once more—the lure, the tremendous lure of dancing and the theatre, the direct frontal attack of atheism under its most popular leader, the thin red line, fire red, of Presbyterianism, thrown out against it, with grim and unyielding Dr. Edwards in the van, the furious storm and flood of the revival, called down from heaven, as it were, to the help of Israel, politics and patriotism boomed by the Centennial year, with its other countless side shows to keep the blood a-racing; and St. Paul's unshepherded, her unguided youth, full of life, must take it all and drift or float, or stand at the mercy of the elements, be swept one way and another, joyous gayety today, Whittled and Blistered tomorrow, running after Ingersoll, the plumed knight and brass band, riding the waves of the regatta enthusiasm, or wild with the excitement of the roller skating sport, and taking or not taking on the side evangelistic tracts or "The Mistakes of Moses," the latter cunningly published with the Blaine speech, and circulated by *The Transcript* for two-bits a copy.

All this bunched in 1876, and when that year ended, what was left of religious responsibility and concern in St. Paul's was cast upon the shores of the new year gasping and calling for help.

And into this quicksand of emotion came plunging to the rescue a high-powered force like a brilliant shooting star. In *The Transcript* of February 24th, 1877, occurs the following:

We learn this parish (St. Paul's) has invited the Rev. W. B. Morrow of Easton, Penn., a very industrious and godly man, to take charge after Easter.

CHAPTER IX.

INTERLUDE.

If you are not confused as to what is credited to the devil in the preceding chapter, I have not succeeded wholly in what I mean to convey. The confused and paradoxical element of evil, almost incomprehensibly mixed with the good, the tares and the wheat, the misunderstandings, the undistinguishable line between authority and freedom, the difficulty of determining where tolerance becomes "don't care," the ever shifting point of view and changing estimate of values are all involved in this reflection of the past as I see it in the mirror of memory. It is a composite of sincere, distinct impressions, and therefore necessarily confused to our human comprehension.

Seen through the telescope of years, it is further blurred by the effort to focus the present understanding with the past. But illuminating the blur, as in a halo, shines the glory of God's mercy, leading us first to know our mistakes, and then helping us to correct them with care and prayer, which two words in their full meaning are inseparable. It is the age-old, world-wide, co-operative, and never-ceasing miracle of redemption.

I know of no better way to express the divine power in the working of this miracle than is found in the shortest, best, and most used benediction of the Church: "The grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ, the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore, Amen."

CHAPTER X.

GHOST STORY.

At this point in writing I had made a statement that, like a green apple, was about to make me feel uneasy, to say the least. I was sailing along serenely when something whispered a doubt in my ear; and I stopped to examine my notes for the item in *The Transcript* bearing upon the said green apple. It was missing; I began to feel queer, and went on a feverish search.

Did you ever see a ghost? Now, of course, a ghost being immaterial can't be seen; but did you ever feel one? That was just my fix here; a Church ghost, not a ghost in a Church but a ghost of a Church. I am willing to take a solemn oath that in the winter of 1874 St. Paul's Church was on the corner of Jefferson and Jackson Streets, two reliable Js. I will also swear that in the winter of 1877 St. Paul's Church was on the corner of Main and Monroe. The two "Js" and the "M" corners are five blocks apart; 1874 and 1877 are three years apart. And though I was here, in Peoria, all the time and went to Church regularly, just where that Church was during that time I could not say. It couldn't be in both places at the same time; then when was it moved?

I can swear it was the same identical wooden Church which bore the burden of the Proctor lumber bill, that rested on one corner and then lighted on the other. There is a picture to show it on the "M" corner and the streets are here to prove it. I have a ghostly picture in my memory of the structure, cut in two, one part moving slowly up Jackson Street; there were no electric wires in the way then. The line of march would be naturally up Jackson and down Monroe. There was no white-robed boy choir nor crucifer to lead the procession, only a poor old horse going 'round and 'round and the severed Church creeping up past Mr. Tyng's residence, site of the present Spalding Institute. I wonder which jarred him the most, the St. Paul's processional groaning on its holy rollers past his home, or the Roman Catholic possession of that home later? *Sic transit.*

But it is the ghostly transit of the Church building which stares me in the face now, and has for weeks. I consult others, who should remember something about it. Their memories narrow the period of doubt to half the time. I go down day after day to the catacombs of the Public Library, drag the caskets from their shelves, search the old newspapers over and over again for some light. There are probably over a hundred items about St. Paul's Church, during that period, great and small, including those already mentioned, most of them a few lines in the Saturday Church notices of services for the Sunday following—no mention of location in any case, however.

There is one interesting description of a Christmas celebration, with many wax tapers and elaborate evergreen trimmings adorning the Gothic arches of the vaulted roof. It must have been a vaulting roof, indeed, to cover more than six city blocks, from the "J" corner to the "M" corner. And all the services were held there, but on which corner? It is like the popular game of trying to pin a tail on the picture of a donkey on the wall with your eyes blindfolded. Here are over a hundred tails whisking all around my head.

I doubt if I want to lay this ghost with bell and book; it has been too good a sport. I still have the belief, though a shaky one, that somewhere I saw an item to the effect that services for a period would be held in the Swedenborgian Church, and on that based the statement that started this ghostly tale. It is a shame to expunge it, it fits so well, pins the tail where it seems to belong. Here it is:

"It was during this year (1876) that the Church was swept from its foundation on Jefferson Street and floated into rest on its own Mt. Ararat, corner Main and Monroe." Sounds well, doesn't it? But like all ghosts it is more sound than substance. However, I will give you all the circumstantial evidence I have leading to this belief.

May 14th, 1875, there is an entry on the Church register of a marriage at the rectory. The only rectory we had in connection with the frame Church was one on the same lot on Jefferson Street given up when the Church was removed.

Then Miss Armstrong says she knows the Church was on Jefferson Street at the time of her sister's marriage to J. M. Morse, October 15th, 1875. Mrs. Morse remembers nothing about the location of the Church building at the time of her wedding (natural enough), but she does remember that the Rev. W. J. Johnstone forgot his surplice and she was married minus that part of the Sacrament. Inasmuch as they have lived to this time (over fifty-two years) in perfect harmony, the missing of the surplice brought no ill beyond the immediate embarrassment. It beat an old shoe at that. This incident during two years or more of his rectorship is the only personal touch of Johnstone that we have. "He forgot his surplice." To give the devil his due, put it this way:

He baptised 10. He buried 7.

He conducted many services;

He probably visited the sick and needy;

He married 12 couples;

But he forgot his surplice.

May he rest in peace.

That eliminates the summer of 1875.

It would be too late after October 15th to think of moving. Streets were not paved, and building, especially plastering, was seldom attempted in severe cold weather. This leaves 1876 as the probable year. All entries of marriages from October 15th, 1875, to and including July 17th, 1876, are recorded at residences; but July 27th, 1876, is "at St. Paul's Church." Marriage at a residence does not prove that the Church was not in shape for it; but the one at the Church July 27th does prove that the removal was either a finished job at that date or not begun until after. It would take several months at least to remove and put it in shape; and reason suggests that the beginning of the removal would be set for a season when the weather would not interfere too much.

Miss Armstrong also says that her Confirmation which is recorded on the Church register as February 6th, 1876, took place when the Church was on Jefferson Street. This wipes out the early winter of 1876.

Now here is where the Swedenborgian Church item would help if only it had not eloped with the Church ghost. Even

if it never turns up, memory distinctly supports the claim it would corroborate. For one Sunday evening in the gallery at the back of that building, some of the youth, who were ungodly enough to be talking and laughing, oblivious to the laws of courtesy, were severely reprimanded by the minister. Being one of the guilty ones myself, together with the brightest, gayest, dearest little girl that ever lived, who shared my humiliation then as soon after she began to share all my responsibilities, I remember the fact of attendance at this house of worship (as our Father Jeffords used to call it), unworshipful though we were, and that the reason we were there was that our own particular ark was at that time either on rollers or undergoing repairs. This incident could not have occurred in 1876 between the middle of February and the last of June, the young lady in question not being in Peoria during that time. This would eliminate the rest of 1876 up to July 1st. Could July 27th, when a marriage took place in the Church, as recorded, have seen the building removed, reset, repaired, in less than thirty days? I doubt it. After July 27th there was ample time to get it done by Christmas.

There, you have all the evidence I have been able to gather. Here is my deduction therefrom: Either the decision to give up the rectory and remove the Church in the late summer or fall of 1876 determined Mr. Johnstone's resignation; or, anticipating his resignation, plans were set for moving when the expense of a minister and rectory could be saved towards the cost of said removal, and the season suitable.

And it must be so; for it is exactly the dramatic setting I want for the act—the end of a year of excitement, the bitter political campaign of Hayes and Tilden, the great revival in full swing, everything cut loose—the Rev. Mr. Johnstone and his flock, the ark and the animals that went in two by two, including Jim Morse and his bride, and the Christmas dove and the olive branch at the end. Then looking back at the storm, what a wonderful rainbow promise of a resurrection Easter to come with Rev. W. B. Morrow, the industrious one.

Considering his importance, we have kept him waiting unconscionably long.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. MORROW'S ACTIVITIES.

So, in the winter of 1877, the vestry and other anxious workers of the parish welcomed Mr. Morrow with outstretched arms. It is, I think, a credit to the people of St. Paul's that, considering existing conditions, they should have acted as wisely as they did, and chosen so radical a character as Mr. Morrow. In the first place, he was a typical Englishman in manner, with much of an Irish mixture in his disposition. Brilliant, quick-witted, romantic, tenderly gentle and pugnaciously obstinate, he was a star of the first magnitude, and shone like his face. I suppose it was this shining quality that transfigured those otherwise unpleasant. I doubt if he realized the situation fully; indeed, I doubt if anyone did, not as I have set it forth heretofore. It is easier to see it all now from this distance of time. Probably it was best that he didn't realize it; it might have hindered him in his policy. Had he taken too large a view he might not have had quite so much assurance. As it was, he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and grabbed the lines with a will.

Once before I referred to St. Paul's as up and prancing; with Mr. Morrow in the saddle this was more aptly so. He wore spurs as well as side whiskers, which latter, by the way, were not the sleek kind, but more like electric brushes; they were not for ornament so much as a means for escaping snaps, as were also his eyes and tongue. Sometimes the snap of his tongue was very like a whiplash. Fortunately, I believe his English accent and choice language many times rather tangled the lash and confused its victim into missing the hurt entirely.

Anyway, the parish rose to his whip: the old horses stepped out and pulled hard, and in unison; and the young raced joyously and came and went at his call. Gayety was in the air. We all began to know and like each other better and to find out our own capabilities and worth. In this particular I speak knowingly only of the young people, being one of them then.

One of Mr. Morrow's great charms was his beautiful tenor voice. His musical knowledge and taste was greater than of anyone ever connected with St. Paul's as rector, also his ability to train and direct—present company always accepted. It will be interesting to the choir to know that Mr. Morrow introduced the "Agnus Dei" for the first time, singing it with his daughter Annie; also the first Sanctus—Gounod's. His tenor was pretty close to being as good as Jim Wilton's. Annie's voice was a sweet child's soprano, and her father trained her with little Fanny Mayo (Mrs. C. E. Goss) as alto for a duet in "We Three Kings of Orient are" in a Sunday School Christmas celebration. No wonder he captivated young and old.

As before mentioned, the Church building had been removed from the leased ground, where it had been erected, to the old corner on Main Street; for all thought of a new building there was necessarily abandoned until an indefinite time in the future. Mr. Morrow, therefore, did not concern himself with any effort in that direction, but bent all his energies towards brightening the activities of the parish with his surplus warmth of spirit. His efforts gave a polish to the social aspect, soon rivalling the fashionable element that had withdrawn through the schism. This was exactly what was needed. It was the peacock-feather act, but was probably as important to the maintenance of the parish as the lift in the ritual he made, which was not alarming, but put spring into the desire to fly the flag of high spiritual principles from the ramparts.

Mr. Morrow presided in the Church with as much grace and correct ecclesiastical style as he flourished in social functions. The way he wore his clothes was the envy of every good dresser in town. He was not foppish, but the picture of a gentleman at ease anywhere socially. Perhaps this is a strange consideration to advance in a Church story; but it was a part of the life of the Church just the same, and why not? Good dressing, good manners, good music, good cheer, have been a marked part of the Sunday life of the civilized world generally, going happily with clean hands and a pure heart. And Mr. Morrow's hands were always beautifully clean, considering the number of things they got into.

One thing was theatricals. He did not ask Dr. Edwards for his opinion; he asked no one's opinion. He found his people enthusiastically interested in such things and encouraged them. Ingersollism he ignored. What he did with all his might was to hold up the dignity and beauty of worship in God's house, reverence and solemnity in that worship; and he preached the sweetness and power of love. Criticized? Of course he was criticized; but he was, notwithstanding all his weaknesses, what they called him, "an industrious and godly man."

He was a born leader but an indifferent ruler. Responsibility sat easy on his shoulders, was delegated largely to his wife, as is often the case with many of us. His wife was a very lovely and capable woman, who held him pretty well in hand. In fact, if it had not been for her and his eldest daughter he would have been more of a comet than a star. A better illustration is that of a kite, which sails high when held firmly. He had all the soaring qualities in abundance. That is what made him so charming. Not but what he felt his responsibilities and was eager to fulfill them; but his urge for action was demanding, often extravagant, and responsibility suffered.

It will be interesting to our Altar Guild to know that its origin in St. Paul's was due to Mr. Morrow. He succeeded in getting a few young women of his Bible Class to undertake the care of the altar, to provide as fast as they could what he most desired. I have tried to discover who these members of our first Altar Guild were, if any, besides the three whom Mrs. Cowell can remember. These three, all living, are Miss Mary Armstrong, Miss Louise Griswold (Mrs. F. M. Cunningham) and Miss Mary A. Goss (Mrs. B. Cowell).

Their first work was to supply the "fair linen" with embroidered I. H. S. Then followed dossal hangings as a background for the cross (a wooden one) and two small vases for flowers, on special occasions only. These hangings, also book-markers, were to be in colors suitable for the seasons of the Church year. Being costly, they were slow in coming: the red was the last, and I can remember how gorgeous it seemed.

There were no candles, no credence table; those things came in the next rectorate, Mr. Ritchie's. The credence shelf, costing \$25.00, was purchased with money raised by two Sunday School Classes when Mr. Ritchie was urging the building of a new Church. Being the first money raised, it was called the Nest Egg, and went for a credence shelf, which was used in the new Church that Mr. Ritchie, like Moses, was fated never to enter.

The rector's vestments were also few and simple, confined to black and white, with no additional apparel for the Eucharist. So the duties of the guild were not so varied as now, but just as important; for Mr. Morrow was most particular about everything pertaining to the altar. There is no doubt but that with him was born a higher appreciation of the sacredness of worship than had obtained previously, to my observation.

Moreover, he was the first to organize a young men's club. I can remember the start, when he had us meet at his house for an evening oyster supper; and that is the only meeting I can remember. I fear the effort went no further than to make us feel his greater interest in us, bring us into greater sympathy with his ideas, and feel our importance and responsibilities as Churchmen. There have been many organizations of men's clubs in the half century since. I wonder if they have accomplished much more? One thing I know, I never enjoyed one of their suppers so much as this starter.

In the first place, we were met as we entered by our elegant rector in his shirt sleeves, but also in his most gracious manner. He had been helping his wife and daughter in preparing the table. We soon found ourselves seated and at ease, and, after a short grace, listening to his gay banter as he presided, his face shining with happy relish of our enjoyment. Truly, with all honor to our other fine rectors, none could, I think, equal his charm, his gay, delightful ease with us; while extremely entertaining, his wit was of that fun-loving kind that makes others partners in its production, not at all pretentious. He was just one of us on a frolic; and then we were one with him in a few sweet, serious moments.

There is a picture in my memory of Mr. Morrow that I would like to talk about: Artists tell us, in speaking of what

is known as composition, that for a perfect picture there should be one center of interest, to which all other parts should lead automatically. In selecting a subject to paint or photograph, that is the first consideration. It is generally hard enough to discover good composition in landscape work, but much harder in group pictures of people. There are very few perfect pictures of this kind. Some of the famous ones, that occur to me just now, are Beethoven playing and his friends about him, Columbus at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, Jesus before Pontius Pilate, Shakespeare reading in the court of Queen Elizabeth, and one I have just been looking at in Foster's *Life of Dickens*, where the author is reading "Chimes" to his admiring friends and critics. In each of these the interest is splendidly centered upon one famous individual, who is holding the absorbed attention of all the others, whether their eyes are directed his way or not.

Aside from the importance of the subject, considering only the element of composition, it is a picture of this order that my memory recalls, where Mr. Morrow figures as the center of interest; the occasion, Shakespearian reading and study; the participants, members of St. Paul's, in the amateurs and possibilities; the setting, the Griswold parlor, white woodwork and heavy cornice, golden yellow walls, grate fire and crystal chandelier—the old time elegance to my eyes, at least—Mr. Morrow standing, graceful, at ease always, back against the grand piano; the rest of us anywhere, all attention as he reads or criticizes. The brilliant light from the chandelier floods his face, emphasizing the ruddy cheeks, the short nose with rather broadly knobbed end, light wiry sideburns, thin aureole of hair, nature's tonsure for his otherwise bald head; plenty to poke fun at, except for the broad forehead, the snappy eyes, the respect that intellectual powers with dominant assurance always inspires.

I was twenty-four or twenty-five years old at this time, rather vain of my knowledge of literature, especially Shakespeare, had done my part, a small one, in the Amateurs, and felt qualified to participate here, though the youngest but one, our host's daughter, in the coterie. My conceit was short-lived;

I had seen Booth, Barrett, other famous actors; could recite Hamlet's soliloquy and Richelieu's magic circle of the Church (strictly in private), probably did know how such lines should be read; but there are other characters and lines not generally taken by great artists.

So, to show what a genius Mr. Morrow was, take this instance: About the end of Henry V occurs a laughable scene where Pistol, a disreputable, bragging soldier, and Fluellen, a Welshman, figure. Previously Pistol had been ugly to Fluellen; and now the Welshman had a chance to pay him back, which he does by beating him up and forcing him to eat a leek, a most nauseating punishment. Fluellen further offends his vanity by offering him a groat as palliation for all his injuries. Incensed by this final insult, Pistol scorns the groat, upon which Fluellen threatens him again, ending: "Yes, verily, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket which you shall eat."

How would you read this? I have forgotten who tried it on, it might have been myself; I have a feeling that it was. Never mind, it is Mr. Morrow's rendition that is alone remembered. Almost anyone but a genius would say this in a threatening manner, emphasis on "Yes, *verily*," with a slight pause after the "take it," then dwelling on "or"—emphasis again on "another," then to the end, natural accent on "eat."

That is the way you would say it, if you were yourself instead of Fluellen. Now listen to Mr. Morrow, who knows his Welshman; hear his staccato: "Yes! verily! You shall take it." Very like the other way so far; but from then on, all the difference in the world. "Or I have another" is quickly said, as if it were a coil for the strike of "*leek*" gleefully shrieked at Pistol in high tenor; then another short pause for the horror to sink in, and "in my *pocket*—which you shall *eat*,"—all three italicized words darted at him in high key, rising inflection, the other words just the whirr before each stroke, which is given with exultation, eyes glittering, rising on his toes, head thrust forward. Hear it again: "or I have another *leek*/—in my *pocket*/ which you shall *eat*/" You can almost feel it thrust down your own throat.

A man who could interpret Shakespeare like that was well fitted to interpret the Gospel and the Church, and to probe deep into the human heart.

Today, when schools and colleges make the drama quite a prominent part of their curricula, it is hard to realize that anything in that line should have been considered so remarkable as it was fifty years ago, even for those who had attained the age of twenty-five or over. I can remember how great was its lure for our particular clique at the time just now recorded. As St. Paul's under Mr. Morrow looked kindly upon our efforts, it became one of our ambitious pastimes.

One such recollection stands out prominently.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO NOTED PARISHONERS.

It was a simple enough play, the cast drawn from a small social circle, the hero, the late Dr. McIlvaine, then just home from school in Germany, a most handsome and distinguished looking young man, and, though a Presbyterian, very willing to shine for the benefit of St. Paul's, especially as the heroine was Miss Minnie Bills, once before referred to as put under the ban against dancing. Neither of these is living; but Mrs. Marsters, who was also in the cast, helps me to recall how kindly we were treated, when called upon to repeat at the residence of Mrs. Cruger; for the benefit of the Women's Guild, I believe.

We had not aspired to anything more than a parlor performance. And Mrs. Cruger—there is where I could run on indefinitely—there never has been anyone like her. Pride and self-assurance in large quantities, but hospitality enough to cover it all, like charity; an imagination equal to Baron Münchhausen's, and as entertaining as Scherezade. Her husband was president of the T. P. & W. Railway and they lived in style in the fine residence built by Tom Dobbins on South Jefferson Street, now swallowed up by the Association of Commerce Building. Dobbins was an illiterate joke; but Cruger was a lordly personality, with all that went with a man of the world. So Madame Cruger, though brought up on a less pretentious scale, played up her level best to the situation. How magnificently she sailed her craft, endowing it with the power of a monoplane, lifting it over all kinds of obstacles with a daring disregard of criticism, so gallantly as to cripple disapproval. She seemed never embarrassed. In many ways she reminded me of Queen Elizabeth, minus cruelty. She wasn't any handsomer, but her manner stood out further than the queen's ruff; and, although we never stood in awe of her quite, we basked in her presence and swallowed her stories with as much relish as the marvelous food at her board.

How I wish I could describe the supper she gave to our little company after the show; it is hopeless; but I never saw

an embarrassing moment so wonderfully expunged. The large table was sumptuously spread with fine linen, china and glass. Madame presided. Mr. Cruger was never in evidence; all he supplied was the background, a seclusion convenient occasionally, and finally permanently, because of his creditors.

That is one of the privileges of aristocracy of the Elizabethan type, however, and has nothing to do with this particular entertainment.

Sparkle and gayety, glitter and glamour flourished, as courses came and went; when first one and then another of us noticed thumb prints showing on the flanges of plates as the quail course was being served by the colored waiters. A hush, it couldn't be said to have fallen, it barely hovered, then our hostess rushed into a most engaging tale. I never knew what the words were, but the tune was as brilliant as our new organ at its best.

While we hung enthralled, the quail course disappeared, and something else took its place like magic. It was the most captivating coup I ever heard of. Just how the signal was given, I never knew; but her gracious pose was undisturbed, nothing unpleasant had occurred at all, everything was happy and the goose hung high. She was positive that there was no blot on her escutcheon. Which reminds me of a saying—such an unctuous piece of gossip—accredited to her, too pat not to be true. Pride of family, the topic of conversation, gave the opportunity, I suppose, among a rather intimate circle. But, wait; recall what has been said about her husband, and know that her youngest son, who happened to be present, was a weak, dissipated fellow, even if he was his mother's pet. She turned to him with the pride natural to most mothers, but excessive with her, "Maxwell! never forget that you are a Cruger!" A bit of irony so absurd that I smile every time I think of it, and yet so pathetic, too. For how could we know why she clung to the honor of the name she had taken; how could we know what she had to bear, how little else, perhaps, life held for her; what her struggle to hide disappointment, as fortune subsided. This imperious show, this coat of many colors may not have covered all her nakedness; but it was the

ensign of a plucky woman who dared to get some life out of a losing game. What if her trip to Europe, as some claimed, was confined to the ship, or, as others said, to New York; Bob Ingersoll's lecture on Europe wasn't a patch to hers.

Yes, I smile, of course I smile, at the social swagger; but it was done to the queen's taste. There have been other social swaggers in St. Paul's less conspicuous, also much less entertaining, not worth featuring. Conscience here whispers "stones and glass houses." So forgive me, Madame Cruger; and permit me the honor to line up with other less critical souls, and add my sword to those that arch above your head as you pass under.

One other must be mentioned here, but as different as can be and as fully remarkable in her way: Miss Frances Mayo, a true mother in Israel. She was of that large family of Mayos who, you may recall, figured so prominently in St. Paul's first Church fair. She was called "Dattie" by the younger generation of the family, and other near friends, a survival of some child's effort to say "Dear Aunt." A better aunt would be hard to find. Isn't it a shame that such a beautiful illustration as that of the hen should have been so outrageously used as it has been? The Bible use is what is most appropriate for Dattie. She was never without a brood of some number under her solicitous care, and her wings were stretched lovingly, the shelter most comforting and comfortable.

Mr. Morrow, while no spring chicken or orphan, found the hospitable doors at 317 North Madison wide open for his arrival, and the devoted Dattie clucked an English welcome. Daughter of an English clergyman herself, she waited on his every want with pride and humility, if you know what I mean, until such time as a house could be found suitable for his family.

But I am not through with Miss Mayo yet. Much as she adored the clergy and fiercely as she resented adverse criticism or vicious gossip, she could stand up against any one of them to his face with that motherly kind of scolding that had effect sometimes, and sometimes not, except to make the recipient all the more sure of her loyalty and soft-heartedness. She had

her favorites, too, and the double portion fell to them unblushingly. How many times has Charlie Goss, her niece's husband, told with glee how for a certain favorite boy, not him, she always found a special dish reserved or a second serving not coming to the others because, "You know he is very fond of it," with an innocent smile that read, "I am so very fond of him, you know," and we did know, and sometimes wondered how that boy would turn out. Bless you, he turned out one devoted admirer of his benefactor; and I use the word for all it means: one who works for the good of another.

Her indulgence was largely confined to the table and other innocent enjoyments; she had a firm hand otherwise. I don't know how many orphans found a home with her one time or another; but they were many, both boys and girls, and their care never lessened her constant attendance on Church services and duties, her continual dinners and suppers to brighten and hearten the clergy. Her house was constantly open for Church entertainments. Nothing was ever too good for the Church she loved, and for her large family and their friends, as long as she could stagger.

Like other noble women we read about, she spent very little on her own creature comforts. If she ever bought a new dress, I never knew it; she seemed always the same to me; and as for the elaborate meals she cooked for others, she was always on a simple diet herself.

Oh yes! there is something else to tell. She built a large house so she could indulge in her hospitable instincts. It was so constructed that she could rent a portion of it to a married sister. There is plenty of chance for thought here, in the fact that Mrs. Charles Bacon, the sister and her husband, were charter members of the Reformed Episcopal Church, as well as belonging to the Mayo family; and Miss Mayo was as contemptuous of the Reformed Church as any one could well be. Also this house arrangement was made after the Bacons had left St. Paul's and were deep in the fortunes of the reform movement. It took a strong heart or a determined hope to do such a circus straddle of horses on the go.

But though Dattie would have died rather than put on spangled short skirt and tights, she rode those two mismated steeds triumphantly for years, jumping through I don't know how many fiery hoops and throwing kisses (or cakes) to the admiring audience gathered in the ring around her table.

This table business, you must know, was especially arranged for the big ring act. There were two dining rooms, one for each family (or Church or ring) connected by sliding doors, so they could be thrown into one for family gatherings. Seldom was a grunt heard through the thin partition from the Bacon side. But, oh my! what a fine chance for the proverbial listener on that side. No fault was ever found with the Bacon at Dattie's table, or ever anywhere from anybody. No truer Christians or more sincere hard workers could be found than the genial and generous singer and his wife, the missionary and founder of Bacon Mission. Though childless, through their devotion hundreds of children found their way into the Kingdom of Heaven. Surely this was a great reward for their prayer, which some of us smiled at, not unkindly, when the motto in their bedroom was discovered at one of their parties for us young folks—"Suffer little children to come unto me." At the memory now I go down on my knees.

Don't you like that idea of a sliding partition, just enough to keep the smell out, the sour faces out, not enough but what you know the other fellow is there; and at the slightest chance the partition can vanish. It takes both latitude of heart and longitude of head to build that way. Well, dear Miss Mayo was built that way herself, proud as — well as a grandfather, —proud of her family, her Church, her proteges, her cooking, her ability to darn stockings, to stand pat, and to be always on the job on time. At the same time she was as humble as a little child. The partition was mighty thin though; you never knew whether you were to be frozen or wistfully appealed to. But there were times when the partition vanished and the appealing sweet heart of her was the proudest thing ever.

The one shadow that fell upon her heart occasionally, and undoubtedly kept her humble, was that her early education had been neglected. The lack that humbled her few ever real-

ized, so great was her intelligence, so educated her heart. Certainly I never would, had she not once honored me in a tender moment with her confidence. There was so much beauty in her pathetic, uncomplaining humility in contrast with what she had achieved that it has ever been a cherished memory.

She seemed to the world a little old woman, notional, stubborn, plodding along with the rest, grumbling like other people, outspoken, kindly or critical according to the east wind, immovable or on the jump, but never idle. I think with reverence of those well worn hands, those worn feet, that warm worn heart; and all I can say is,— of such is the kingdom of heaven.

CHAPTER XIII.

TWO CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENTS.

"What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body?" is an old illustration of an unanswerable problem. The most satisfactory answer I know of occurred in St. Paul's Church during Mr. Morrow's rectorate. It was not recognized as a miracle at the time, because it looked more like a fight; and that kind of a miracle has been generally looked upon as belonging to Old Testament times. But you shall judge for yourself—here it is:

Our Senior Warden, Mr. Griswold, was the shining mark. You may recall that his shining bald head was previously mentioned as attracting June bugs. But Mr. Morrow was a different kind of bug; and it was not June but February.

Notwithstanding that Mr. Morrow encouraged private theatricals whole-heartedly, he knew where to draw the line; and once drawn he encouraged (mild term) its proper toeing. Mr. Griswold too was whole-heartedly interested in theatricals, or rather in the enthusiasm of the young people therein. This time it was young men only, in an elaborate negro minstrel show. Also Mr. Griswold was in a way of being at this time cock of the walk in St. Paul's Parish,—without the crow. He was too modest to crow; and had he tried his would have been more of a machine gun sputter with an occasional indignant croak.

Consequently, when Mr. Morrow, ringmaster, cracked his whip for the animals to toe the mark, Mr. Griswold balked. The irresistible force had met the immovable body. Translated into ecclesiastical terms, Lent had begun, and Mr. Morrow believed in no half-way measures. Lent was a season for abstaining from all gay amusements, especially public; and so the minstrel show was tabooed. Mr. Griswold was not to be booed from his own ideas of what was right. Mr. Griswold went to the show, and his conscience was easy.

The whip cracked again; that is, Mr. Morrow announced from the pulpit all (not by name) who so far forgot the respect due the customs of the Church as to attend this show.

Furthermore, he expected that whoever had been so guilty would refrain from partaking of the Holy Communion that morning. Mr. Griswold partook.

The shock of the impact was felt by the congregation, if not the whole town. What happened? This happened:—everybody was thrown off balance, except Mr. Morrow and Mr. Griswold. Neither of them gave way. Mr. Griswold knew he was right, and he didn't move from his position. Mr. Morrow knew he was right, and he did not reverse judgment, but went right on with his assertions, in a determined and dogmatic way.

Those who believed Mr. Griswold's bald head to have been covered originally with hair as red as his son-in-law's looked for an eruption. There wasn't even any smoke, except from the cigars the two gentlemen gave each other, when they realized that there could be two diverse opinions that would never give way to each other.

You know our eyes are said to work at cross purposes, and that is why we see straight. There is another metaphor I am very fond of—a derrick is held upright and firm by cables pulling with all their might in opposite directions. I would better stop before something snaps. High tension characters are apt to snap sometimes; and such a snap is due right soon now; but I can not let it come before one more happy incident is mentioned in connection with Mr. Morrow.

His aims were always high; in that respect he was a true artist. Especially in beauty and style was this shown. Take the first elaborate Church wedding in which he was permitted to have his ideas freely carried out. He was enthusiastically happy in planning and directing. It was to be after the most approved English custom. It may seem odd to contemplate now, but this was the first wedding in St. Paul's; and as St. Paul's was always in the van, ceremoniously, among non-Roman Churches, it was probably the first in Peoria where the bride came in with her father, and the groom waited at the chancel rail to receive her. It was also the first where the ring was handed to the priest and back to the groom before placing it on the bride's finger, thus making the Church an

important part of the marriage vow. It was also the first where the betrothed couple left the bridal party and alone followed the priest up to the sanctuary to kneel and receive the final declaration and blessing.

The floral decorations and dresses were slight in comparison with other weddings since, but the dignity and solemnity of the ceremony was perfect. The hour was also novel for Peoria then—mid-afternoon in February, with fresh snow and sunshine.

Mr. Morrow was in his glory and forgot nothing to enhance the beauty of the occasion. The groom was the only one to forget. He forgot everything, from his head to the hat to cover it when he got out of the Church, so I am told. I have been told quite a lot about this wedding, that the bride was the loveliest ever (that I knew myself); that the groom was the usual awkward adjunct to the affair, lost in a kind of mist, not conscious of anything much except of the miracle that was giving him everything heaven and earth could bestow. I knew this to be true, because, you see—I was the groom.

And it is just as much a miracle now as then in 1880, almost fifty years ago. Come to think about it, this is another instance in St. Paul's Church where a perfectly irresistible force met an immovable body, if one can call my staying put so long immovable.

I said there were no candles on the altar; but Mr. Morrow, on this occasion, anticipated their coming by supplying two beautiful wax ones to serve as decoration for the altar, together with the flowers which Miss Armstrong supplied and arranged, he, at the time, joking with her about the innovation so cunningly contrived. He hardly dared to make candles a permanent feature of the altar then; but Mrs. Cowell kept hers, and has them still to light our table with their spiritual blessing on wedding anniversaries, also keeping his memory green. We used them to eke out one Christmas Eve candle-lighting of our windows to welcome our youngest daughter, Josephine, home from Boston, she having so much to say of the previous Christmas Eve there, with the candle-lighting of

Beacon Hill, and the wonderful carol singing of the people who gathered there, including the best Church choirs. This custom was started by the spirit, example, and dying request of a bed-ridden Christmas-loving woman.

Candles, more than anything else except the cross, seem to inspire worship. When in the succeeding rectorate candles were permanently introduced, and one of the members walked out of the Church in disgust, it was as if he were spurning the light of the Gospel.

CHAPTER XIV.

TROUBLE AND RESIGNATION.

Having dwelt at length upon the good points in Mr. Morrow's character, it is going to be difficult to tell of his failings; and yet it will be necessary to touch upon them to account for his resignation so comparatively soon after his warm reception, and considering his enthusiastic support.

Blood poisoning can start with a scratch on the finger, and, unless checked, inflammation will spread until the hand and the whole arm is infected, or worse. That is much the way scandal worked in Mr. Morrow's case. I never really knew how much or how little of careless indulgence on his part started it. But the inflammation was soon evident, and became furious. His high temper and superiority complex helped it along, until the whole Church was sore.

The worst rumor that came to my ears was that he was seen with some of his young lady friends, active in Church work, at a popular beer garden, making merry there. The resort was the best of its kind in the city. But he was Rector of St. Paul's; and they were under his care. His influence, under the circumstances, was considered pernicious. Scandal further said that his wife was very unhappy, all of which was enough to make some of us miserable.

How much truth there was in the rumor, or how much it was overdrawn or misunderstood, will never be known, because St. Paul's people were just like the rest of the world: too ready to believe the worst for the thrill of it. Unfortunately, the matter was allowed no chance to right itself, because of what I afterwards learned was a mean streak of jealousy on the part of a young man by the name of ————. Blast his name! It turns me sick to think of it, the sleek newcomer, with his pose of solicitude for the tender sheep of the flock, black sheep himself.

For all his intrigue, he gained nothing for himself but contempt. But that was too late for Mr. Morrow's reputation. He did succeed in making catspaws of some of Mr. Morrow's

best friends—I shouldn't say best, either; but those who thought themselves the best. For I was one, and the least excusable one. When I think of how easily I slid from the standard of a true friend, how supine I became, with the moral excuse of "too delicate a matter to try personal investigation," that I didn't even throw a rope, could only stand on the bank and wait, I feel a shame that stings even now, fifty years after. So who am I, the disloyal one, to scorn the intriguing enemy, be he ever so black?

A decision to dismiss the offending clergyman resulted; and although not on the vestry, I was appointed on the committee to wait on him and suggest his resignation. Because, forsooth, a near friend of his might be more thoughtful of his feelings, stab him in a kindlier spirit. Pah! I went with the others (I can remember one of them only, Mr. C. J. Off) deeming it my duty, a kind of guardian of the purity of the parish, upholding the reputation of the Church—what a poor excuse of a Pharisee!

But I got what was coming to me, all right. I do not mean to imply that Mr. Morrow was innocent of wrong doing, or that the vestry should have taken no action. It is the manner of handling such things that I object to; allowing scandal to run unchecked, and then trying to work out of a public exposure by avoiding a trial, submerging the scandal at the expense of justice, and especially in offering no opportunity for the accused to redeem his error, if guilty.

Mrs. Morrow came to the door, very stately—I wanted to run. There was no doubt that she sensed something disagreeable; she was so stiffly polite. "I suppose you wish to see Mr. Morrow? Be seated, I will call him."

I have forgotten whether we sat down or not. But I haven't forgotten the sounds that came filtering through the closed doors, no words, just sounds! It may be because I was overwrought myself emotionally; but was there a high-keyed, impassioned quavering of a woman's voice, a murmuring response, reassuring, a sound of children's questioning, frightened, hushed, borne away, shutting of doors? Was there subdued crying? There was spluttering of water for a few

seconds. Then the door opened, and Mr. Morrow appeared, very red of face, in his shirt-sleeves, vigorously drying his hands with a towel that had undoubtedly been mopping his face, so bright it shone.

Whatever was in his eyes before, they began to blaze as he met our embarrassed silence with a dignity that made me feel too small for words, especially as there was a pained and surprised look, I thought, when he saw me. With a short apology, he stepped back into the passageway to put on his coat.

Don't mistake me; there was nothing grotesque about his coming in to meet us as he did. It was not nonchalance; there was too much feeling. It was not braggadocio; there was too much fortitude. We could take the towel any way we pleased. He didn't hide behind it, though undoubtedly it was a good shield to steady what tremble there may have been in the hands. I am sure, if any, it was not from fear, but from intense emotion.

I can not remember just the words spoken, although I know he was the first to speak, something in this way:

"I presume I know your errand, gentlemen. You desire my resignation? You shall have it."

Our spokesman, Mr. Off, I believe, was taken aback, and could only murmur something apologetical. There was a cutting response from Mr. Morrow about our action being based upon the word of a meddling stranger; but there was no apology or explanation on his part, no accusation on ours. There was the necessary stipulation as to time limit or consideration for undue expense incurred, all for the sake of the family, who must be protected. Otherwise he bore himself as the one in command of the situation, which he clearly was—we feeling like culprits.

I felt the worst, especially as I thought I detected in his manner towards me at the last a kind of pitying forgiveness as though I, in the weakness of youth, were less responsible for being carried away by the furore. I think I learned then how foolish it was to accept other people's opinions unchallenged or allow them to control my own actions.

So he departed.

We never saw him again; but we heard of him, and always to his credit. I don't know; it may have been that our action opened his eyes to his lasting benefit, though that is no credit to us. I can remember the glow of admiration with which I heard of his heroic devotion.

Somewhere in the East—Pennsylvania, I believe—a severe epidemic of smallpox broke out in a community where he had served in the past, and knew the people. They were poor and could not command adequate succor, as I understood it. The situation was desperate, and Mr. Morrow left his charge temporarily, and went to them alone, to nurse (many a sick parishoner in Peoria had he nursed, sometimes up all night), to comfort, console and hearten, with all the force of his energetic spirit, giving himself fearlessly and unreservedly to those stricken people.

He came through successfully and safe, unless overwork may have undermined his health to some extent. Just when he died, I do not know; but his epitaph, in my mind, reads like his introduction to Peoria, only in golden letters:

HE WAS AN INDUSTRIOUS AND GODLY MAN.

I held in my hand the other day the Prayer Book he gave as a wedding present to my wife, a costly thing, far in excess of the fee I gave him. It is bound in fine ivory, a beautiful monogram carved in relief on the front cover. The ivory has discolored in the course of time, but the love will never discolor. Much like this must have been his beautiful life.

CHAPTER XV.

INDECISION AND CONCLUSION.

So far this story has told itself to me, coming out of the mist of the past, called up into a new world, slowly waking from a long sleep, hiding much, revealing bit by bit. And now it halts: like old Rip Van Winkle, before the later years, and the watchful eyes of many whose memories could and might cause severe criticism.

Should I continue, the burden of responsibility would increase immeasurably. For not only would events be of more vital interest to those now living, but my own part in them might outweigh impartial judgment too much. For from 1880 on I was no longer an interested and amused spectator only; life had carried me into a new position, entailing more dependence upon God and less independence of my fellow man. My feelings had become more intense, and what transpired in the Church magnified, perhaps, too much to insure just appreciation.

As I marshal before my mind the last years of the tale just told—1879 to 1881, they seem to assume a special significance, not only in my own life and that of the Church, but of our growing city, if not of the nation, in the mode of living, and perhaps of thinking. Prosperity was in the act of lifting Peoria out of the mud, not only metaphorically but literally.

Street paving had only just ceased to be a dream, or a horrible nightmare (Fulton Street, at least, was cobblestone); Adams Street rejoiced in cedar blocks *a la* Chicago, and its all too soon chuck-holes; street cars really carried the public. But aside from that, Peoria was still a four-page newspaper town. Civic enterprise, as such, had begun to show its head in the erection of a new courthouse, an unheard of undertaking—almost Alladin-like in its magnificence. That with the Union Depot, Chamber of Commerce and Grand Opera House, put every citizen on stilts, where he could really look out and speak the world.

Outside of that, retail business, with one exception—Day Bros.—was transacted on one floor only, no elevators, no basements (they were cellars with trap doors mostly). One-pane plate glass show windows were glaring novelties for the few. As for landscape windows in houses, the latest luxury known to our world, and double front doors with etched glass panels, everybody now had them—everybody of means—and real porches to sit out on, with rails (to put your feet on). Yes, and mansard roofs.

Slowly rising up out of the mud, feeling a little metropolitan, really a part of the nation, soon to have a National Hotel—heretofore ours was a Peoria House—we grew. Business building ventured nothing over three stories, until the daring Woolner building (now Bergner's) went to five. Before that, our highest flat roof was the Second Ward School on Sixth Street, a mansard monstrosity, and a fire trap. In after years it was condemned; but there was never a fire. The Lord cared for the children, if the people didn't. Fire escapes were unknown then, too; clubs for eating, none; restaurants, I can remember only one.

Then the Churches—the Universalist was the most pretentious, the largest auditorium, the tallest spire, and the first basement for entertainments and Sunday School, as I remember.

But the new era in Church building was being ushered in when, in 1878 and 1879, the great Congregational Church reared its massive strength on the corner where it now stands, and made its basement an invitation to social brotherhood.

But St. Paul's, on the corner below, stood still, teetering on the spring board, afraid to jump. Just where I am in this story. How much to tell, how much to hint at, how much to keep under ground? Will it be possible to be just and fairly truthful, and yet avoid hurting sensitive feelings of those now living? There are stumps, and devils to drive around them. How successfully can it be done? Am I sure the danger signals are all working? And if safety-first be the motto, will it be a case of the mountain and the mouse? Shall the chorus be minus the bass part? Shall it be sounding brass and tinkling

cymbals, or charity that suffers long and is kind? Or shall I stop now? Let's call a recess, while I stop and think.

Inasmuch as it may not be practical or desirable to continue this story further in the same intimate style and extended detail, I have concluded to supplement the present effort with a short summary of the principal events together with the names and dates of the celrgymen in charge up to the present time, concluding with short sketches of the Sunday School and Choir. The story of the choir alone would fill many pages with its vicissitudes, both amusing and tragic, were it given the space it would deserve in any continued history.

The supplement heading the appendix may be of greater interest to readers who have known or heard more of the past fifty years of St. Paul's than the preceding years. And it should not preclude a more elaborate story of this period should anyone desire to attempt it.

APPENDIX.

A.—SUPPLEMENT.

The Rev. Robt. Ritchie succeeded Mr. Morrow, coming in 1882. He was an outstanding figure in the Church, both here and later in California, where he went from here in 1889, and where he died November 17th, 1902, Rector of the strongest Church in Oakland. While here he worked hard towards the building of a new Church and succeeded in raising subscriptions to the amount of \$10,290.00. There things stuck; and he was so disheartened with the luke-warmness of the leading members that he resigned, December 31st, 1888. That year the vestry took the step, long delayed, of having the parish legally incorporated. This was quite an event, causing much comment, favorable and questioning. We had gone along for forty years without it, why now? I wonder if that was what Mr. Ritchie saw in the new Church agitation that discouraged him? He was a tall, fine looking man, and was much appreciated, loved and respected; but we let him go.

He was succeeded by the Rev. Sidney G. Jeffords in 1889. Soon after Mr. Jeffords' arrival the Church took fire and was practically destroyed. Efforts were immediately made to revive the subscription list that Mr. Ritchie had obtained, which was rather difficult in some quarters. But under the push of Mr. Jeffords, an amount thought large enough to begin building was promised; and the present stone Church was under way, and with the constant and vigorous superintendency of the new Rector, was completed in 1890.

Mr. Jeffords was an indefatigable worker, baptizing 470, and bringing to Confirmation 378 during his rectorate, which lasted from 1889 to 1902. During his administration, thanks to the energy and financial support of Mr. C. J. Off, the basement was constructed somewhat as it is now, though altered many times since in minor details. Troubles arose under Mr. Jeffords' administration, resulting, after much unhappy feeling, in his resignation.



PRESENT CHURCH BUILDING
Erected 1890

To him succeeded Mr. H. Atwood Percival, first as a deacon (he was a Presbyterian minister when called) under Mr. John Wilkinson, who was priest in charge, until Mr. Percival was ordained in 1904. He then was made Rector and held that position till 1914. The most important changes during his rectorate were in connection with the choir, one being the discarding of the female voices. The marble altar was constructed in his time, and the chancel extended a few feet into the nave. Some of the front pews were removed to permit it. Dissatisfaction, augmented by trouble, hinging on the appointment of choir master, brought about Mr. Percival's resignation.

Following him came the Rev. Harold Linwood Bowen, the youngest Rector St. Paul's ever had, and one with the greatest dynamic force. His administration lasted from September, 1914, to January, 1920; and was the most successful since the days of the schism. The great war period was his, filled with his militant and inspiring services. One, the most thrilling I ever witnessed, was a Fourth of July celebration on Sunday, with the national hymns of each ally, their flags carried in processional by the choirboys, who lined up each side of the chancel, each flag waved as its special hymn was sung, the Cross held high above all at the back.

Our part in the war, aside from the services and home work, is shown by a bronze tablet in the Church bearing the names of fifty-two of our boys who volunteered, two of whom made the great sacrifice. They are: Raymond B. Allen and Walter H. Martin.

Mr. Bowen was much sought after by other parishes; and he turned down many offers, but finally accepted one from St. Peter's, Chicago, where he now is, leaving us January 30th, 1920. He served St. Paul's splendidly, but we gave him as good as he sent—better, a wife, the lovely daughter of our vestryman, Charles S. Cockle.

The vestry worked long and conscientiously in their efforts to supply the vacancy, and, February 1st, 1922, the Rev. Campbell Gray came to us from Wisconsin. His rectorate saw changes in ritual which, despite his attractive personality, his sincere and earnest devotion to his work, and the many

warm friends he won, made his success less than it should have been. Nevertheless, his ability was such that after several flattering calls elsewhere, we finally lost him to the Bishopric of Northern Indiana.

To him succeeded the Rev. Wm. L. Essex, June 1st, 1925, our present Rector, who has won a place of his own in our hearts.

It is fitting that, having at the start of this story of the Parish listed the names of wardens and vestrymen, I should end with a list of those who fill their places now, eighty years since, particularly as most of the present officers have been active in the same capacity for many years. Consequently, bound in with this volume is a reproduction of a leaflet for Trinity Sunday, 1929, the last issue before going to press, which contains not only the names of these men but also the names of choir masters and choristers, and officers of other organizations of the Church, together with a program for the day, and weekly notices.

B.—CHURCH SCHOOL (SUNDAY SCHOOL)

Both Mr. Morrow and his successor, Mr. Ritchie, took the superintendency of the Sunday School themselves. In the interim between these two, Mr. W. H. Boniface took charge and, when he left to take up the work of the new St. Andrew's Church in 1889, Mr. W. S. Dove took hold for awhile, followed by myself for several years. A stray priest of foreign descent, Mr. Hefter, a very eccentric character, was engaged for a short period to take charge of St. Stephen's Mission, and at the same time to try his hand with St. Paul's Sunday School. Toward the end of Mr. Jefford's rectorate, Mr. H. J. Woodward served for a few months, and then Mr. Jeffords took charge himself, until his resignation in 1902.

I took the position then and held it through Mr. Percival's administration. On the coming of Mr. Bowen, the helm was again taken by the rector, with greater success than in any previous administration. Under him the Christian Nurture system and the name "Church School" were adopted, though toward the end of his rectorate, if I remember rightly; and when he left us, Mr. Bernard Wrigley, who had been his

assistant for the year preceding, was given full charge, the best superintendent the Church ever had. He has held the position since and the Church School has grown materially.

This brief statistical treatment of the one subject nearer to my heart than all the rest is tantalizingly inadequate, save that too much crowds forward for consideration to discriminate. Some of my dearest memories, devoted personal friendships, saddest failures, greatest disappointments, happiest rewards, are directly attributable to my half century connection with St. Paul's Sunday School. I know that should I try to do justice to my feelings on this subject few would believe, fewer understand. But could anyone have the same actual experience he would know why no other vocation can be so lastingly endowed with happiness.

It seems proper before closing these notes on the Sunday School to accord tribute to a few teachers whose exceptional record for long standing service is deserving thereof. First among these is Miss Lucy B. Way, who, coming to Peoria as head of the kindergarten department in our public schools, took charge of the same work in St. Paul's in 1901, and is still serving zealously and successfully in both. Second in order of length of service as teacher is Mrs. W. G. Russell, wife of our Junior Warden, remarkable for her success as well as faithfulness, now in her twentieth year of such service.

Another most worthy is Miss Rose Scoones, who died in harness and was probably the most beloved teacher in the history of the parish, as many who came under her influence will attest. She was one of those rare characters whose earnest and sweet-tempered spirit overcame handicaps of poverty and scanty education to a marvelous extent. From the grist that came to her mill she turned out the best of material for after work in the Sunday School and Church. Among such may be mentioned Mrs. Clarke Chamberlain and Mrs. Carl Kasjens, still teaching successfully; Miss Elisabeth Anderson, active in choir and Sunday School; Mrs. John D. Wilson, long a faithful worker in the Altar Guild; Mrs. L. E. Wilson, forceful in the Auxiliary and St. Elisabeth's Guild; Mrs. R. M. Geef, whose sons are, one an acolyte, the other a crucifer; the Misses Charlotte and Florence Loveridge, who have been constant

and efficient in Church work for years; Miss Lillian Jeffords, who, as Rector's secretary, served under the Rev. Harold Linwood Bowen and went to St. Peter's, Chicago, in the same capacity.

And there are countless others scattered over the country, reflecting the steadfast and devoted spirit of this one teacher. She worked hard through the week for her living, kept track of each of her Sunday School pupils, prepared her lessons under adverse circumstances, yet was as bright, winning, uncomplaining as any who have come under my sixty years of observation.

I can see her now, the center of an excited, joyous crowd of little girls, each eager to get near to her; or in her last days in the Methodist Hospital, when one of her pupils, become a teacher herself, came to see her, and the wan face of the sufferer brightened happily at sight of the young girl's fresh loveliness—a blossom at her bedside from her garden of hopes, a crown of laurel for her passing soul. There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory.

C.—CHOIR.

St. Paul's Church Choir is one of the oldest musical organizations in Peoria. After thirty odd years of quartette service the boy choir was developed under the inspiration of a clergyman, an enthusiast on the subject, who was visiting the home of Miss Elizabeth Woodward, aunt of the present Miss Woodward.

With the assistance of Mr. W. S. Dowe, who served gratuitously, and with Miss Catherine Hart as organist, the choir was started on its long march to the present time. And it is a long procession, beginning away back when the dignified president of the Walter Causey Co. of today was just a boy. Another was the late H. J. Woodward, who, as Junior Warden during the last years of his life, served the Church as faithfully as he served the boy choir in his childhood and after.

From then on the vested choir sang its way in processional, and in varying styles of collars (this special torture for the boys only, hence their title to the term "angelic"),

around the old frame building, until it burned down, then up the center aisle of Rouse's Hall and on the stage, while the present Church was building. Here it continued to grow in numbers and musical perfection, until it reached its highest excellence under the direction of the late Eugene H. Plowe.

Under his unrivalled administration were drilled and sent out the most popular men's voices of this city, such men as Charles Burdick, Erwin Arends, Jim Wilton, Mark Cowell, and others. This nursery feature of the choir did much to help its growth. Because the adults were not paid, the developed voices were always subject to be called to paying quarters elsewhere. Notwithstanding that the best voices were continually leaving, the choir managed to sustain its reputation for producing the most successful music of its kind in the Middle West.

In the early period of its existence membership was confined to men and boys only. After a while, however, during Mr. Plowe's directorship, it was thought best to add female voices. This proved a great advantage, notwithstanding some one was unkind enough to say that they called it a boy choir because there were old maids and bald heads there.

Unkind words, however, interfered not at all with the brilliant work and good times that came in full measure to the family of choristers. Reputation brought demand for outside service in the city and neighboring towns, charitable and otherwise. These, added to the regular work, made a heavy burden for the Choirmaster. His heart had to be a sturdy one if he would keep his hand on the wheel and not be worn out.

Yet, though they wore out, the staying quality of the directors proved equal to that of the clergy of St. Paul's. Within the life of the choir there were the same number of choirmasters as of clergymen. Their names in order are as follows:

1. W. S. Dowe, who helped organize, and served until after the present Church was built, assisted by Miss Catherine Hart at the organ.

2. Eugene Plowe (first term) with Miss Elona A. Flessner at the organ at the last.

An interim, Miss Flessner supporting temporary supplies.

3. A short period with a Mr. White, a shorter interim followed by

4. E. Warren K. Howe, with Miss Flessner, and later with Miss Edith Campbell at the organ.

5. Mr. Plowe, a second time, with Miss Flessner assisting at the last, and finally succeeding to the position left vacant by his death.

6. Miss Flessner, to her resignation.

7. James Donnelly, assisted by Harold Harsch at the organ.

8. James Wilton, Fall of 1925.

9. Mr. G. C. Ringgenberg, our present organist and director, assisted by Miss Flessner.

In the Fall of 1927 a new organ was installed by the Kilgen & Son Organ Co., of St. Louis, costing \$12,600.00, and producing under Mr. Ringgenberg's skilled fingers magic music. The old organ was completely worn out in its service of thirty-eight years.

Mention should be made of Miss Elizabeth Anderson, who has been faithful as organist for the Sunday School and other services innumerable.

Then there is Miss Emma Stittig, who has given her life to the work of the Church, without money and without price, more than any other person I have known. Besides her work at the organ for the Sunday School, and as occasional supply for regular Church services (probably no other, except Miss Flessner, has excelled her record in that) she has been our most valuable singer, and one of our very best Sunday School teachers, most faithful and successful, constant in assistance to everyone in need, from the kitchen to the altar, from the janitor to the priest, and the many societies in the parish.

There is so much to tell about the individual members of the choir that I hate to stop here, but must at least speak of one of our best bassos, because of his long and faithful service, surpassing, I think, all other male adults, viz.: Mr. Ernest Moeller, constant, dependable, and able through fourteen unbroken years.

Then there is another class of women besides singers in connection with the choir that deserves individual mention.

They are called Choir Mothers. Their duty is responsibility for and supervision of the vestments. They are rare in numbers as in faithful service.

Mrs. Chas. Ulrichson, long deceased, and her daughter with Mrs. Jane Kelley, then Miss Mary Armstrong, who has reigned the longest, and has had more boys to brush and comb and collar, to love and yearn over from boyhood to manhood than you can count. She, with Miss Helen Ballard and young lady assistants, especially Miss Alice Loveridge, is still serving and holds her record over any other minister of St. Paul's. If she only were to be St. Peter at the pearly gates, all the boys would get in.

As an institution for pleasurable and educational service, the choir stands high in the community. The long list of members on its records attest this, and their witness to its influence on their lives is constantly finding expression from those who served their time there in the past.

During Mr. Howe's Directorate, Stainer's "Crucifixion," sung Palm Sunday evenings, was first attempted, and has been a feature Lenten seasons since. Mr. Howe is also happily remembered by the adults of his choir for the outside efforts he promulgated, using them individually as the main support of the brilliant and popular light operas he brought out.

But undoubtedly it was Mr. Plowe's choir family that laid up the greatest store of happy memories during the two periods of his administration. The outside work in which he made use of the choir consisted mostly of concerts and oratorios, undertakings that fulfilled the higher missions of music as well as furnished the best drill work for a Church choir as such. And the Church music that became possible through his genius as director rose to wonderful proportions. There seemed to be nothing too great to undertake and produce successfully. The choir became justly famous, and many of the splendid festival services live as precious memories to all who heard or took part in them.

It was well worth the terrible grind of rehearsals to stand up in the chancel and pour one's soul out in exultant passion in the grand anthems. What glory it was to sing "The

Heavens Are Telling," the Hallelujah Chorus, or "Unfold! unfold! unfold!!! ye portals everlasting," or to carry "O the golden, glowing morning" in processional, with a rush of sound, on and up towards the brilliant Easter altar.

I am speaking of the past, in tribute to the great musician, friend, and Churchman, who wore his life out in the service of the Church. When this matchless director, weakened by disease, was forced to give up the organ and the drilling of the choir, he found loving and talented daughters to hold up his hands, whose devotion not only lengthened his usefulness, but his life as well. Especially was he fortunate in an able and willing helper in one of his pupils, who had been in the choir throughout most of his directorate, Miss Elona A. Flessner. So, then, as his hands gradually and reluctantly slipped their hold on the work he loved, that work continued uninterrupted in the hands of his assistant who, as before stated, succeeded him, carrying on the work with fire and vigor worthy of her beloved teacher.

This reminiscent tribute should not be considered as in any way a comparison with the present choir, but rather an example of what good work of this kind brings to those who participate in or listen to the music.

D.—NOTE ON CHURCH GHOST.

I regret that there is any information to add to the ghost story, especially as it means the *final* laying of the ghost, the spoiling of the mystery. It really is a shame not to have something to keep looking for, thinking it may jump out at you from behind a door or dark corner any time. Then look what a lot of argument to scrap. The riddle with answer attached, or even at the back of the book is no fun. Why couldn't that confounded ghost stay hidden a while longer? If I had only been content to let well enough alone! It is sometimes called a New England *conscience*, meaning an irritating, perverse persistency, that was at fault in this case, a ghost itch, that kept me scratching. Result: an idea. It was so simple I am ashamed to confess it: City Directory, of course. It meant another visit to bother the good people at the Library. I said "simple"—well ordinarily, yes; but with a ghost, that was different.

I sailed into the Library, all smiles, with my bright idea. There was Miss Esther Graydon, also all smiles, an old friend, also of St. Paul's.

"City Directory? Certainly, right downstairs to your right in the Business Room."

More smiles, and down I went, and I continued to go, around and around the shelves. Nice young man, also with smiles. "Can I assist you?" (in his manner) as he came towards me.

"City Directories? What city?"

"Peoria, 1876" (apologetically).

"Oh! the Peoria Directories are not here. Just go upstairs, and they will show you where to find them." (Hesitancy on my part.)

"Right upstairs," kindly repeated to the old man's request.

"But they told me to come down here" (with more smiles, quizzical this time).

"Did they?" (habit—he didn't mean to question my word).

"Yes, Miss Graydon sent me down."

"Well, but they are not here."

Then it was that I knew the old ghost was on the job, and I would have to hump myself to get ahead of him. So up again to find Miss Graydon and ask how, when and where, if not why—— Jingo! I left the nice young man downstairs, yet there he was talking to Miss Graydon, and she was talking to him, their heads kind of butting out at each other, smiles absent. How did he get there? Uncanny! Business of "They are."—"They are not."—Nice young man melted away.

(Miss G.) "Sorry, etc.," patient kind of a smile on my part, watching her sorting books, waiting for whatever might happen, sort of feeling that the ghost was peeking out from behind her pretty blonde bob.

Conversation drifted along pleasantly for a while, until I became fidgety, wondering when she would be at liberty to look after my wants in the directory line. Mustered up courage: "Could you find someone to look that up for me, please?"

"Oh! (distressed) didn't Kenneth say he would get it for you?"

"I think not, I rather thought you were——"

"Well I—I'll look for it at once"; and off she started. And I followed. Couldn't trust that ghost. As she darted out toward the stock room, I trailed, wanting no more disappearances.

"You needn't come, I'll bring it to you."

"But there may be others. I'll come anyway," determined not to be shaken off. Stopped on the way by other officials—in the pay of the ghost, I am sure.

Obstacles surmounted, stairs climbed, stacks reached.

"It should be here. That's funny; but I'll find it." And around the stacks, in and out of the narrow aisles, whisking on lights, fingering rows of books; lights off here and on there; in and out and around corners, I chasing her flying feet, the ghost on ahead doing stunts. Miss Esther is able and energetic, but what chance did she have?

"Things have been changed so lately, that it is hard to find anything." (Mark that word "lately".) But on she flew, either to get away from me and my outrageous persistency, or to head off the ghost; when suddenly:

"Here we are," and out she whisked a small book. (Bell and book after all for my ghost.)

Wait a moment, not so fast! I was sure I heard a chuckle as I took the book to the shelf at the window.

"You needn't trouble to replace it, just leave it on the shelf," discouraged my going back for more.

1876

EDWARD'S PEORIA CENSUS REPORT AND DIRECTORY

So it read; and here is what it said on the matter, page 412, under Churches:

St. Paul's Church Building, cor. Jefferson and Jackson Sts., Rev. William J. Johnson, rector.

Good! Just what I wanted to prove my conjecture correct—smart work, big hat! Here occurred what is usually due to conceit. It wasn't exactly a kick, but some kind of propulsion from behind that shunted me back to the stack for more information if, perchance, there might be an 1877 directory. And there it was, the trump up the ghost's sleeve, too. Here it is:

HAWLEY'S CITY AND COUNTY DIRECTORY OF PEORIA COUNTY
1877-78

Under Churches is this:

Episcopal, St. Paul's Church, cor. Jefferson and Jackson.

No mention of the Rev. Mr. Johnstone.

Innocent enough looking, but what a lie! For didn't I know, and a number of others, that Mr. Morrow positively found the Church on the "M" corner when he came at Easter, 1877? Also, don't a number of us remember distinctly being under the training of a tramp music teacher in the Church on Main Street the winter before he came? Of course we do, and how said tramp tried to flirt with one of the girls, much to our amusement, as he was most beautifully turned down and out. That ought to prove it.

So what a liar Hawley was, and a bluffer, too; see his preface where among other things, he says:

"Any ambitious or unoccupied individual who wishes to prove the correctness or falsity of the information given in these pages, is at liberty to do so . . . Every person, firm or institution, Church or school is located and described precisely." Whew!

Indignation steam blown off, there was a chance to realize what was going on behind my back, a mocking "Ha! Ha!"—a double shuffle of sorts, and I didn't doubt a derisive hand to nose as well. Then a whisper: "Liar?—of course he's a liar; but so are they all! so are they all! Put 'em away! put 'em away! they're dead ones."

Now, when a ghost gets insulting, my gall rises as well as my hair. There was no use spitting at a ghost; but one jump and rush landed me ahead of it at the stack again. And rough was the word. I grabbed with both hands, determined to drag from its hiding place the ghostly secret if I had to tear every directory up by the roots. Just what happened:

ROOT'S DIRECTORY OF THE CITY OF PEORIA—1877
22ND YEAR

Page 298:

Churches, Episcopal—St. Paul's Church, building cor. *Main and Monroe Sts.* Rev. Wm. Bryce Morrow, Rector.

Elsewhere:

Morrow, W. B., rector of St. Paul's, rooms 307
N. Mad.

Didn't I say so? Root against Hawley. Another look at Hawley showed it wasn't Hawley after all, but Ebert and Clark. For a notice in the front of the book is as follows:

This is to give notice to the public that we are in no way connected with one D. E. Hawley or H. W. Gallivan in the publication of this Directory, or in any other business relation. And we are not responsible for any of their debts now contracted or hereafter to be contracted.

EBERT AND CLARK,

April 1, 1877.

Publishers.

Kind of an April Fool. Looked more like a detour than a directory. Yet the ghost would not down.

"Because one fellow lies no reason another doesn't." You see, he had the best of it so long as there was any doubt.

Was I to give up after all this trouble? I had been handling those directories with eyes keen for information, yet blind to the one sure thing there, when all of a sudden a kindly face I knew looked out at me with reassurance. It was a sticker on the inside top corner of the cover, reading: "Presented by H. C. Bestor"; also on another page his signature, "H. C. Bestor." Quickly I turned to the other books. In the Edward's 1876 the same—"H. C. Bestor." But on the Hawley (?) Ebert and Clark, no such assurance.

Victory! The ghost was laid. For you must know that whatever H. C. Bestor backed with his name was accepted by everybody always as final. In the Court House he was the last court of appeal on all matters involving real estate transactions; and now from the spirit world he looked out at me with that genial, lovable smile of his, known so well to every man, woman, child or dog who came to him for sympathy.

Dear old Harry, just as always with the same hearty hand grasp, even though in pain, stoop-shouldered, sitting in his chair, making the most of everything but his own troubles, taking the chewing tobacco out of his mouth to laugh more heartily.

"Why in thunder, Ben, didn't you look me up before? Those doggoned old frauds trying to beat Root out of his job of twenty-two years' service; just like that Hawley from Missouri or the Ebert and Clark bunch from the devil knows where. Sure! the Church was where Edwards had it in '76 and where Root had it in '77. And it's there yet, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Never laid down on the job? Doors still open? Never closed for vacation?"

"Never."

"Still marrying people, burying people, baptizing people?"

"Yes."

"No lack of children and old folks?"

"Seems not."

"Some hum in the hive all the time?"

"Quite a lot."

"Vestry and Rector not asleep at the switch? Enough in the pews Sundays to keep the seats dusted? Enough noise in the Sunday School, boys in the choir, flowers on the altar and for the sick, food for the needy, cash for missions?"

"I believe so."

"And the great service at the altar never missing? Why, then, we should worry!"

E.—THE P. E. SEWING SOCIETY.

The first shall be last—so my last word shall be in honor of the P. E. Sewing Society which, apparently, was the early bird in the garden of St. Paul's Parish; for the record of this organization antedates that of the Church by seven months. Modesty and economy must have been their watchword, for they saved not only seven months time and money but stationery as well. At the start I called attention to the modest blank book used for the first records of the vestry; the first record of the Protestant Episcopal Sewing Society is only just long enough to contain its name in one line the longest way of the little book, which is made of three small sheets of note paper folded and sewn together in the folds, making twelve pages, each one three and a half by four and a half inches, all written on but one and with no cover.

The contents are as quaint and delightful as the ladies themselves would be could they be gathered about appropriate sewing tables and in their company dresses. That was the day of "ladies and gentlemen" and other pleasing punctilious phrases.

This relic was given to me by our famous White School principal, Miss Hester Crawley, not long before her death. I believe her mother had been secretary of the Society at one time. Anyway, it is a pleasure to reproduce its contents here, written over eighty years ago by one of those whose names are there entered, most probably the secretary, who was too modest to record her name as such—as modest as the twelve and a half cents annual dues. Please note that Z. N. Hotchkiss is an honorary member and Miss Martha Rouse an active member, then refer to their act in the first Ladies' Fair.

Page 1

*Constitution and By Laws of the
Protestant Episcopal Sewing Society
Organized on the eleventh of August 1847*

Object.

*The object of this Society shall be the
raising of funds for the Building of the
contemplated P. E. Church of Peoria*

Of Members

*The Members of this Society shall
consist of active and honorary Members*

Page 2

Of Officers

*The Officers of this Society shall be a
President and Vice President, first,
second, and third Directress, a Treasurer,
and Secretary.*

Of Meetings

*The Meetings of this Society shall be
held on Thursday afternoon of each
alternate week at the houses of the
Members*

Page 3

Of Addition and Amendment.

*No addition or amendments shall be
made to the Constitution or By Laws
of this Society without the concurrence
of two-thirds of the acting Members present*

Of Admission

*Any Lady may become an active Member
of this Society by enrolling her name under
the Constitution and paying the Treasurer
the sum of twenty-five cents.*

Page 4

Any Lady or Gentleman may become an honorary Member of this Society by paying the Treasurer the sum of one Dollar.

Of Duties

It shall be the duty of the Directresses to prepare, receive and examine all work, prove it and exercise a general supervision over the affairs of the Society.

Page 5

It shall be the Duty of the Treasurer to keep an account of all Monies received, and expended, and whenever required by the Society, to make a report of the same. It shall be the Duty of the Secretary to collect all monies due to the Society, and pay the sum over to the Treasurer, taking a receipt thereof and report the same to the Society when required.

Page 6

It shall be the Duty of the active Members to be present at each meeting of the Society, and attend to such work as the Officers may have provided.

Of Refreshments.

It shall be the incumbent Duty of each, at whose house the meeting may be held to furnish refreshments of the plainest kind, Coffee, Tea, Bread and Butter, one kind of relish, and not to

Page 7

exceed one kind of plain Cake.

Of Dues

Each active member, besides the admission fee, shall pay annually to the Treasurer the sum of twelve and a half cents.

Any active member who shall be absent from any meeting of the Society without a reasonable excuse shall be fined the sum of six and a quarter cents.

Page 8

Mrs Mitchell—President.

Mrs Sweat—Vice President.

Mrs Perrin—Directress.

Mrs Benjamin—Directress.

Miss Taylor—Directress.

Miss Cockle—Treasurer.

Ladies honorary Members.

Mrs May

Mrs Fessenden

Mrs Grey

Mrs Cockle.

Page 9

Gentlemen honorary Members.

Z. N. Hotchkiss —

E. G. Sanger —

A. L. Merriman —

S. D. Fales.

Page 11

*Members of the Protestant
Episcopal—Sewing Society*

Mrs Mitchell

Mrs Sweat

Mrs Yarrington

Mrs Rouse

Mrs May

Mrs Cockle

Mrs W. Mitchell

Mrs Knowlton

Mrs Grey

Mrs Fessenden

Mrs Perrin

Page 12

Mrs Benjamin

Mrs Wilber

Miss Taylor

Miss Rouse

Miss Martha Rouse

Miss Matilda Perrin

Miss Rodney

Miss S. E. Cockle.

Stitch! stitch! stitch! for over eighty years, and still stitching under the name of St. Paul's Guild, still manage to take a stitch in time whenever the resources of the parish get frayed.

THE END.

Reproductions

We, whose names are hereunto affixed, deeply sensible of the truth of the Christian Religion & earnestly desirous of promoting its holy influences in our own hearts and in those of our families & neighbors, do hereby associate ourselves under the name of "St Paul's ~~Church~~ ^{Parish}", in Communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America and Diocese of Illinois; the authority of whose Constitution & Canons we do hereby recognize & to whose liturgy and mode of worship we promise conformity.

Dated, Peoria, March, 27th A. D. 1848 -

	<i>William Mitchell</i>	x	<i>Anne Mitchell</i>
x	<i>Thomas Squire</i>	x	<i>Elmer Perin</i>
x	<i>George Stewardson</i>	x	<i>Juan E. Cochrane</i>
x	<i>Wm. W. Squire</i>	x	<i>Mary W. Taylor</i>
	<i>E. G. Squire</i>	x	<i>Mary J. Squire</i>
	<i>W. A. Foster</i>	x	<i>Charles Stinson</i>
	<i>Rev. L. J. Rowland</i>	x	<i>Lucia Stinson</i>

x	<i>Wm. W. Squire</i>		<i>Constitution and By Laws of the</i>	<i>Wm. W. Squire</i>
x	<i>George Stewardson</i>		<i>Protestant Episcopal Sewing Society,</i>	<i>as Vinton</i>
x	<i>Wm. W. Squire</i>		<i>organized on the eleventh of August 1848.</i>	<i>name</i>
x	<i>E. G. Squire</i>		<i>— — — — —</i>	<i>indeed</i>
+	<i>Wm. W. Squire</i>		<i>— — — — —</i>	

The object of this Society shall be the raising of funds for the building of the contemplated P. E. Church of Peoria of members.

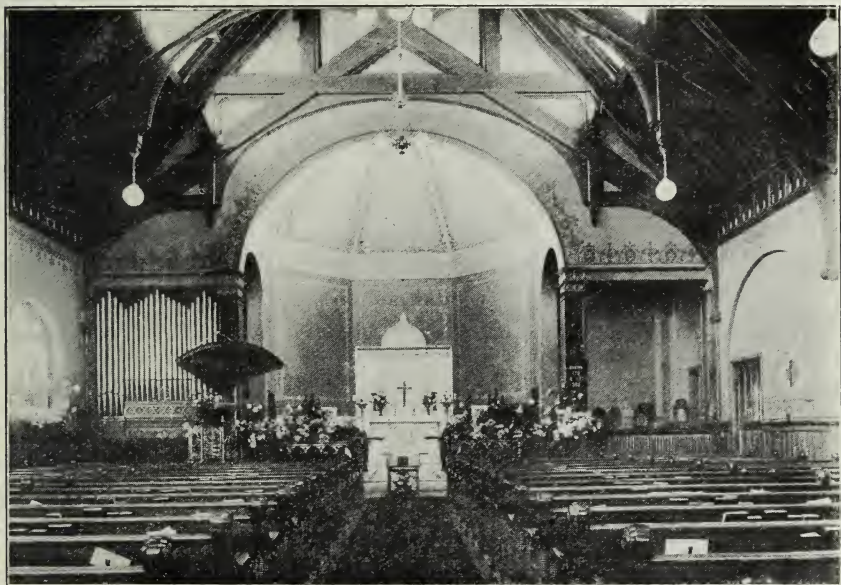
The Members of this Society shall consist of active and honorary members. confirmations

x Confirm. per

St. Paul's Church

Main and Monroe Streets

Peoria, Illinois



BISHOP—The Right Reverend Edward Fawcett, D. D., Ph. D.

RECTOR—The Reverend William Leopold Essex, B. D.

Church Services

Holy Communion	7.30 a. m.
Church School and Rector's Bible Class	. . .	9.30 a. m.
Children's Eucharist and Church School (3rd Sunday)	. . .	9.30 a. m.
Holy Eucharist (1st, 3rd and 5th Sundays)	. . .	10.45 a. m.
Morning Prayer, Holy Eucharist and Sermon (other Sundays)	. . .	10.45 a. m.

Holy Communion (Daily in the Chapel)	. . .	7.30 a. m.
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ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

Trinity Sunday, May 26th, 1929

7:30 a. m. *The Holy Communion*

Order of Service, 10:45 a. m.

Morning Prayer, the Holy Eucharist and Sermon

Prelude, "Andante"	Guilmant
Processional, Hymn 519—"Ancient of Days".....	Jeffery
Venite and Gloria Patri (Hymnal, 16).....	Woodward
Te Deum.....	Kotzschmar
Threefold Kyrie (Hymnal, 267).....	Winter
Sequence, Hymn 206, vs. 4—"Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son".....	Dykes
Gloria Tibi and Laus Tibi.....	Smart
Hymn 205—"Holy, Holy, Holy"	Dykes
The Sermon.	
Offertory Anthem: "I am Alpha and Omega".....	Stainer
Sursum Corda, Sanctus, Benedictus and Agnus Dei.....	Smart
Organ: "Communion" (in G Major).....	Guilmant
Post-Communion Hymn, 209, verse 4—"To Thee, Great One in Three".	Giardini
Amen (Hymnal, 321)	(St. Mark's) Florence
Nunc Dimittis (Hymnal, 169).....	Barry
Recessional, Hymn 208—"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord".....	Hopkins
Postlude, "Allegro Assai" (Fourth Sonata).....	Guilmant

Daily Bible Readings for this Week. Subject: "God is Holy."

Sunday—The Throne of God, Revelation 4, verses 1 to 11

Monday—The Birth of Samuel, 1 Samuel 1, verses 1 to 18.

Tuesday—Hannah's Offering, 1 Samuel 1 verses 19 to 28.

Wednesday—The Song of Praise, 1 Samuel 2, verses 1 to 10.

Thursday—The Prophecy against Eli, 1 Samuel 2, verses 22 to 36.

Friday—The Call of Samuel, 1 Samuel 3, verses 1 to 14.

Saturday—Moral Courage, 1 Samuel 3, verses 15 to 21.

With the approach of the Summer months we shall all be subject to the temptation toward laxity in Church attendance. It does not take long to form a habit, and vacations from Church loyalty never produce anything good. I wish that this year we may receive strength from God to be more faithful than in the past. Some few parishioners are out of the city for an extended period, but most of us are here except for a few weeks. Every one should be in Church at least once on the Lord's Day. Try this earnestly this Summer, and see what a difference it will make in our parochial life. Among several good results, we shall not have to wait until November 1st to have our congregation up to full strength again. And our own spiritual life will be better and more self-respectful.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

Calendar, Week of May 26th, 1929

- Daily** . . . 7:30 a. m. Holy Communion, Chapel.
- Monday** . . 2:00 p. m. St. Margaret's Guild, at the home of Mrs. Arthur E. Loder, 1540 Prospect Ave.
7:15 p. m. Boy Scouts, Troop 12.
- Wednesday** . 2:30 p. m. Woman's Auxiliary, at the home of the Misses Woodward, 424 Moss Avenue.
- Friday** . . . 7:00 p. m. Boys' Choir Rehearsal.
7:30 p. m. Rehearsal, Full Choir.
-

Parish Register

HOLY BAPTISM

- May 11th—Mrs. Emma Margaret Brown.
—Frank Witherspoon Brown.
- May 18th—Doris Elmira Schurtz.
—Everette Harry Russ.

HOLY CONFIRMATION, May 19th—Mrs. Emma Margaret Brown, Frank Witherspoon Brown, Anna Belle Bristol, Betty Jane Burton, Margaret Frances Burton, Arda Mae Bynum, Mary Frances Davis, Noble Graham Deniston, Charles George Farnum, Jr., William Ray Fauber, Arnold Gerhart Fernsted, Margaret Ann Furst, Margaret Jennie Graham, Frank Allyn Gordon, Agnes Lucille Hoover, Dorothy Agnes Hunter, Elizabeth Miller, Jane Lindsay Page, Margaret Hayes Page, Arabella Robinson Richardson, Gerhard Calvin Ringgenberg, Mrs. Lucille Marie Ringgenberg, Mrs. Ruth Louise Reiser, Edward Leroy Roark, Mrs. Alma Viva Roark, Betty Jane Styer, William Howard Styer, Caroline Elizabeth Seaton, Barrett Farley Welch, Henry Louis Welch, John Hubbard Welch, Mrs. Nellie Farley Welch, Donald Emery Wray.

RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH—Dr. Olive Bernadine White.

HOLY MATRIMONY, May 18th—Everette Harry Russ and Doris Elmira Schurtz.

The Men's Club closed their season last Thursday night with a splendid attendance. Mr. Bert Nelson's address on personal Christian work was inspiring and it will do much good. The stereopticon lecture by Mr. Hauberg was informing and delightful. His long study of Indian lore opened our eyes to many historical treasures in our own homeland. Our gratitude is given to these men for their friendly and willing service.

Intentions at the Daily Eucharists this Week

Monday—Commemoration of Carrie Kibbey Kane. Tuesday—For a Sense of Brotherhood. Wednesday—For St. Mary's School, Knoxville. Thursday—For Our Patriot Dead. Friday—A Marriage Anniversary. Saturday—For the Baptized.

Church Directory

BISHOP—The Right Reverend Edward Fawcett, D. D., Ph. D.

RECTOR—The Reverend William Leopold Essex, B. D.

Residence 220 Columbia Terrace - Telephone 2-3716

Church Office and Rector's Study, Telephone 8443

WARDENS

Mr. Murray M. Baker

Mr. William G. Russell

VESTRYMEN

Mr. Charles S. Cockle
Dr. Hugh E. Cooper
Mr. Charles E. Goss
Mr. Philip Z. Horton

Mr. Carl F. Harsch
Mr. George L. Luthy
Mr. John C. Paddock
Mr. Bernard E. Wrigley

Church Treasurer

Mr. Carl F. Harsch

Missions Treasurer

Mr. Charles S. Cockle

Clerk of the Vestry

Mr. John A. Corbett

Parish Chancellor

Mr. Chester F. Barnett

Lay Reader

Mr. Bernard E. Wrigley

Parish Secretary

Miss Grace E. Lawton

Sexton

Mr. Howard Comely

CHURCH SCHOOL

Superintendent—Mr. B. E. Wrigley
Secretary—Mr. Robert Bell
Asst. Secretary—Mr. Reynold Meister
Asst. Treasurer—Miss Jeanette Sutliff

MEN'S CHURCH CLUB

President—Dr. W. R. Rodenhauser
Vice-Pres.—Mr. George A. Lyon, Jr.
Sec'y.-Treas.—Mr. George L. Luthy

ST. PAUL'S GUILD AND AUXILIARY

President—Mrs. Edward J. Smith
Vice-Pres.—Mrs. William Allen
Secretary—Mrs. Victor Larson
Treasurer—Mrs. Chester F. Barnett

ST. ELIZABETH'S GUILD

President—Miss Frances M. Ulricson
Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Imogene Smith
Secretary—Mrs. E. J. H. McCorkle
Treasurer—Mrs. James Asimackis

ST. MARGARET'S GUILD

President—Mrs. Wm. R. Rodenhauser
Vice-Pres.—Mrs. G. Calvin Ringgenberg
Secretary—Miss Jeanette Nelson
Treasurer—Mrs. Elwood L. Chase

ALTAR GUILD

President—Miss Helen M. Ballard
Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Frank W. Brown
Sec'y-Treas.—Mrs. John D. Wilson

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW

President—Mr. Charles A. Iliff
Vice-President—Mr. Leslie Faulkin
Sec'y.-Treas.—Mr. Charles M. Ward

YOUNG PEOPLE'S LEAGUE

President—Miss Margaret Mathis
Vice-Pres.—Mr. Henry Triebel
Sec'y-Treas.—Mr. Walter Waggoner

BOY SCOUTS

Scoutmaster—Mr. L. C. McConnell

THE CHOIR

Organist and Choirmaster

Mr. G. Calvin Ringgenberg, M. Mus.,
A. A. G. O.

Choir Mother—Miss Mary Armstrong

Crucifers—Henry Triebel, Victor Tre-
wyn, William Essex, Jr., Leaton
Bogges

Flag-Bearer—Carmen Bartlett

Sopranos

Boys—Frank Arnold, Ernest Chase,
Harold Espenson, Charles Farnum, Wil-
liam Fauber, Raymond Fraser, Edward
Gard, Dale Hofer, Harry Halstead, Ray-
mond Hitchcock, Harold Heaton, Paul
Ing, Robert Keller, William Keller,
Robert Lancaster, Charles Moeller, Wil-
liam Perry, Frank Reichelderfer, Rob-
ert Ridley, Francis Scott, James Wat-
kins, William Watkins, Moreland
Wooleyham.

Women—Miss Elizabeth Anderson,
Mrs. W. J. Applier, Mrs. R. E. Bell, Mrs.
J. O. Davis, Mrs. P. G. Graf, Mrs. C. A.
Hoppin, Miss Kenny Lois, Mrs. R. W.
Turney, Miss Dorothy Yerbury.

Contraltos

Mrs. Bessie Bailiff, Miss Lucille
Hoover, Mrs. Harry H. Kimber, Miss
Emma Schriner.

Tenors and Basses

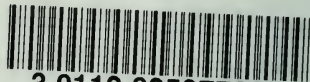
Messrs. Francis Hall, Laurel Jones,
Almon Kent, Ernest Mellor, Horace
Newsam, Ross Seaton, Richard Wray.

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